Touching Bottom in the Middle East
August 7, 1958 25¢
The Railroads: From Overlord to Underdog

THE REPORTER

PRODUCED 2024 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HELP US KEEP THE THINGS WORTH KEEPING

It's always so good to have Dad home!

Home—the place he works hard to keep safe and secure. In a free and peaceful world he can always be there to take care of his family. But peace costs money.

Money for strength to keep the peace. Money for science and education to help make peace lasting. And money saved by individuals.

Your Savings Bonds, as a direct investment in your country, make you a Partner in strengthening America's Peace Power.

The chart below shows how the Bonds you buy will earn money for you. But the most important thing they earn is *peace*. They help us keep the things worth keeping.

Think it over. Are you buying as many Bonds as you *might?*

Photograph by Howard Zief

HOW YOU CAN REACH YOUR SAVINGS GOAL WITH SERIES E BONDS

(in just 8 years, 11 months)

If you want about	$2,500	$5,000	$10,000
each week, save	$4.75	$9.50	$18.75

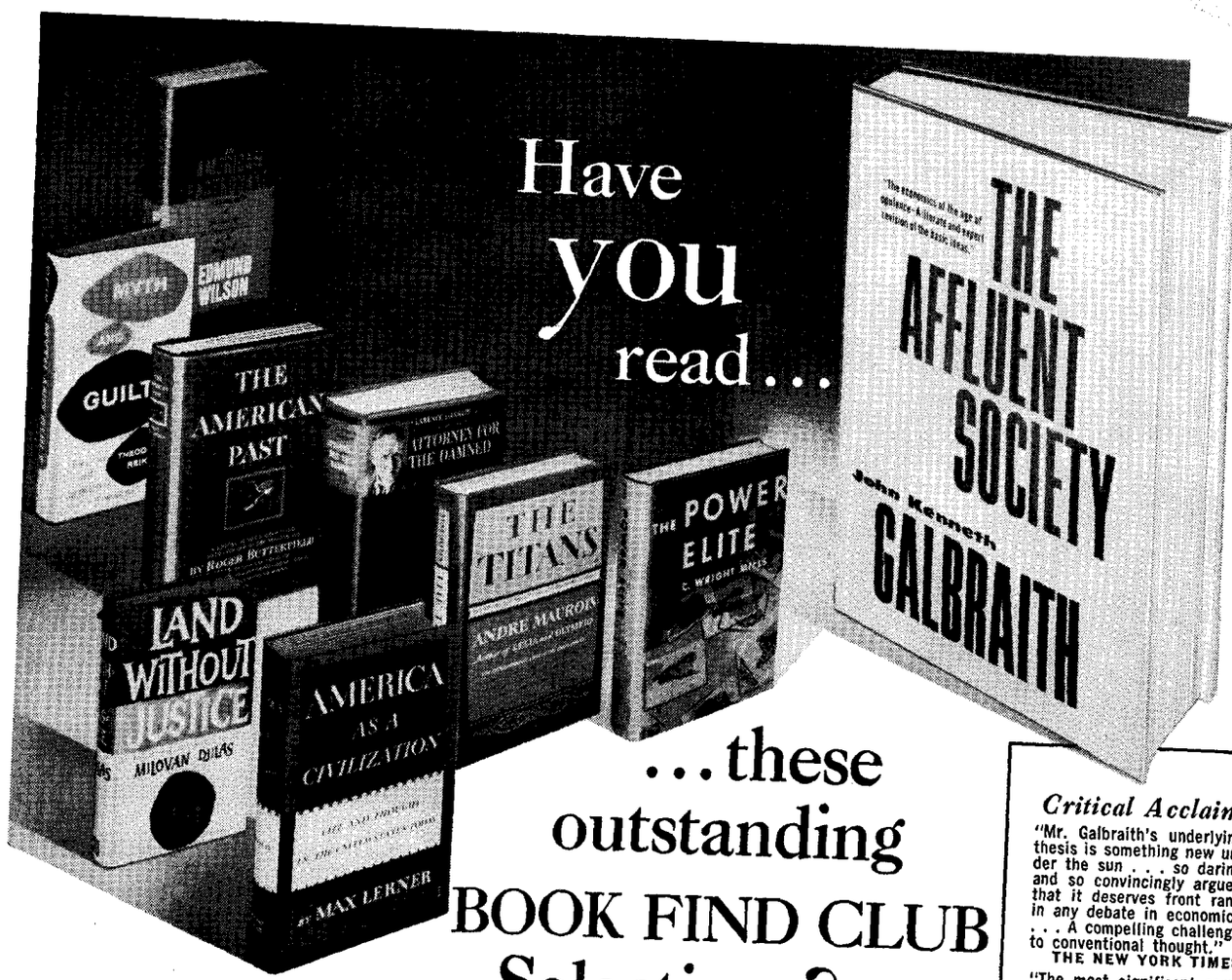
This shows only a few examples. You can save any sum, buying Bonds by Payroll Savings or where you bank. Start your program now!

HELP STRENGTHEN AMERICA'S PEACE POWER

BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

The U.S. Government does not pay for this advertising. The Treasury Department thanks, for their patriotic donation, The Advertising Council and this magazine.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



...these outstanding BOOK FIND CLUB Selections?

Here are some of the outstanding selections offered to members of THE BOOK FIND CLUB during the recent months. These are books people are talking about, provocative reading in every area of interest. And these are representative of the books which have earned THE BOOK FIND CLUB the reputation for "The Best In Fiction and Non-fiction."

Now, you can have any 3 of these important books for only $3.95. As a member of the club, you will have the opportunity to purchase monthly selections at prices up to 50% below retail. And with each fourth purchase, you will receive an outstanding Bonus Book FREE.

Choose any **3** *for only* **3.95**

with membership in THE BOOK FIND CLUB

Critical Acclaim

"Mr. Galbraith's underlying thesis is something new under the sun . . . so daring and so convincingly argued that it deserves front rank in any debate in economics . . . A compelling challenge to conventional thought."
THE NEW YORK TIMES

"The most significant commentary on matters of general public concern to have been published in many a year . . ."
THE WASHINGTON POST

"Galbraith takes the dismal slant out into the sunlight . . ."
THE REPORTER

"He has a gift for charming irony, picturesque analogy, and witty aphorisms . . ."
WALL STREET JOURNAL

"As disturbing as it is brilliant . . ."
NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE

"A more refreshing examination of the stereotype of both liberal and conservative economic thought has not appeared in many years . . ."
THE NATION

Each Month, Book Find Club members receive the interesting and informative *Book Find News*, containing an authoritative review of the forthcoming selection and other information about the many selections offered to members . . . each at a special low membership price. If you choose to receive the selection, you need do nothing: it will be sent to you automatically. If you would like to reject the selection or substitute another of the many volumes offered, you simply return the conveniently provided form. *Begin your membership now by accepting any 3 of these outstanding books for only $3.95.*

Mail this coupon today! ➡

THE BOOK FIND CLUB
215 Fourth Avenue
New York 3, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member and send me for only $3.95 plus 24¢ postage and handling, the 3 books I have indicated. I am to receive free the monthly Book Find News. I agree to purchase at least 5 additional books during my first year of membership and I am to receive a Free Bonus Book for each four purchases. I may cancel my membership at any time after accepting five selections. *Note: Save the cost of postage and handling of your introductory offer by enclosing check or money order.*

		Pub. at
☐	THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY	$ 5.00
☐	AMERICA AS A CIVILIZATION	10.00
☐	LAND WITHOUT JUSTICE	5.75
☐	ATTORNEY FOR THE DAMNED	6.50
☐	THE AMERICAN PAST	6.95
☐	THE TITANS	5.95
☐	MYTH AND GUILT	5.75
☐	THE POWER ELITE	6.00
☐	THE AMERICAN EARTHQUAKE	6.00

Name .....
(please print)
Street .....
City ..... Zone ..... State .....

(Same Price in Canada: Address 105 Bond Street, Toronto 2, Canada)

RE-7-858

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Of Bricks and Straws

Neither President Chamoun of Lebanon nor Governor Adams of New Hampshire quite succeed in keeping our minds off de Gaulle's France. The kind of order that will ultimately emerge there, the success or failure of that extraordinary adventure in responsible personal leadership, will affect the destiny of western Europe and of the Atlantic coalition just as much as any summit meeting.

At present, what seems to matter the most for de Gaulle is the framing of the new constitution. As a soldier and statesman, addicted to thinking, the general certainly knows that constitution-making is not just a feat of political architecture. A good constitution must also be a forecast of the use that men are going to make of it—and not just men at large, but the specific men on whom, through whom, and in spite of whom, the constitution is meant to operate. The best that can be wished for any constitution is what happened to ours: to be designed by great statesmen and lived in by run-of-the-mill politicians.

De Gaulle's work is already complicated by the fact that the only politicians operating now in France are Gaullists. Notoriously, the practitioners of politics have always been obnoxious to him, but probably none so much as a certain breed of Gaullists with seniority rights whom he cannot help dealing with, and to some extent rewarding.

Recently the general has rewarded with a cabinet position the champion true believer in Gaullism, Jacques Soustelle. In so doing, he humiliated another Gaullist, André Malraux, a man whose breadth of vision is equal only to his genius.

De Gaulle also rewarded the two leaders of the Algerian military insurrections, Generals Salan and Massu. True, the *Médaille Militaire* may have converted the political General Salan from weekend to workday loyalty to his chief. Massu's extra star may have convinced him that while colonels may be right, generals are righter, and de Gaulle is the rightest of them all.

To FULFILL the role he has assigned himself, to be the founder of a new form of government for his country, de Gaulle has to make compromises. So had a great French king: Paris was worth a Mass to Henri IV, and de Gaulle apparently feels that a liberal federal constitution for the French commonwealth is well worth a medal to Salan, a star to Massu, and a ministry to Soustelle.

One of the most fantastically difficult operations on the political and social structure of a country is going on in France, and it is largely entrusted to one man. He must bring into existence stable democratic institutions with precious few democrats around. He has to make a tremendous number of bricks, but he has not much straw available.

We have no inclination to prejudge the outcome of his adventure, but we are profoundly concerned with all its stages. De Gaulle's failure would be a calamity for France —and not for France alone.

Still Life

Not long ago, *Life* magazine took a full page in the major New York newspapers showing a photo of Marines in Lebanon, the faces of twelve photo-journalists, and, under the headline "MIDEAST TIME-BOMB: WHAT NOW, WHAT NEXT?" the following statement: "In today's LIFE the distinguished group of photo-journalists shown above sweep confusion from the troubled air," a remark which makes Mr. Luce's journalists considerably more distinguished than the heads of state.

In the perfervid style of such self-congratulations is the further comment that "their illuminating depth-reports snap a bewildering week into razor-sharp focus"; and in the thumbnail sketches of each depth-reporter, a verb or phrase relating to the urgency of their assignments. One was "rushed," another was "pulled off . . . for crisis assignment," and others "Sped," "Flew," "stole a march," "left immediately," were "Posted overnight," and "Sped without even a toothbrush."

Now FEW will doubt the mobility of the Luce staff or the ability of these crisis-seasoned gentlemen to snap what they see. But not even the most felicitous and timely pictures can make "the complicated plain and the puzzling primer-clear."

FRONT PAGE NEWS

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,
O what a panic's in thy breastie!
(If Burns could see you now in Thor,
He'd mourn the more!
What would he say to a white mousie
Strapped in an air-conditioned housie
Flung to the vast?)
"An cosie here, beneath the blast
Thou thought to dwell."
Ah well. If Wickie's found or lost
A poet's word is last: "the best laid schemes
O' mice an' men . . ."

—SEC

THE REPORTER, August 7, 1958, Volume 19, No. 2. Entered as second class matter at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y. © 1958 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription prices, United States, Canada, U.S. Possessions and Pan American Union: One year $6, Two years $9.50, Three years $12. All other countries: One year $7, Two years $11.50, Three years $15. Please give four weeks' notice when changing address, giving old and new addresses. **Send notice of undelivered copies on Form 3579 to: The Reporter, McCall St., Dayton 1, Ohio.** Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service.*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is the fallacy of reliance on sight instead of on insight.

Pictures are interesting and can be valuable. But until they can penetrate the circuits and convolutions of minds like Khrushchev's and Dulles's and Tito's and Nasser's, all they can portray is a static image of the act. The motive from which it springs no lens can capture.

Comparative Medicine

If the idiocies of men did not so unfailingly steal the limelight from their triumphs, the people of the United States might have enjoyed some instructive information that has recently arrived from England, where in ten years the death rate from diphtheria, measles, whooping cough, tuberculosis, rheumatic fever, and gastro-enteritis has fallen from 37,000 to 7,000.

Surveys in the London *Times* and the *Economist* of Great Britain's National Health Service, which recently passed its tenth anniversary, brought to attention some arresting data. In a special supplement, the *Times* pointed out that "During the past 15 years, maternal mortality in Great Britain has been reduced by 75 per cent, and stillbirths by nearly 50 per cent."

IT IS APPARENT that the British people generally have benefited immensely from the NHS, and that they are almost unanimously in favor of it. According to the *Economist*, it is "a matter of statistics that the Service proved immediately popular, and has become increasingly so. The latest official figure is that 97 per cent of the population . . . is using it." This despite the fact that the people of Great Britain are free to join or not to join as they choose. In fact, the freedom of choice allowed by the NHS, together with the freedom to change from one doctor or dentist to another, has been largely overlooked in the American press.

"Judged by available statistics on mortality and illness," said a *Times* article, "the health of the children of Great Britain was already showing a remarkable improvement before the National Health Service came into being. During the past 10 years this favourable trend has continued,

an unhurried view of EROTICA

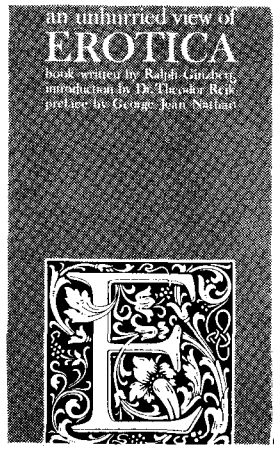
book written by Ralph Ginzburg
introduction by Dr. Theodor Reik
preface by George Jean Nathan

This is one of the few books ever published with the basic facts about erotic literature.

It includes lengthy excerpts from leading works of classical erotic literature in library Rare Book Rooms and on Restricted Shelves. It tells about the collections of the late J. P. Morgan, the British Museum, the Vatican Library, the Bibliotheque Nationale, the Library of Congress, the New York Public Library, the late Dr. Kinsey and the Ivy League college libraries.

Dr. Theodor Reik, one of the world's renowned psychoanalysts, says of AN UNHURRIED VIEW OF EROTICA: "The material here presented will be of great interest to the psychologist and the psychiatrist, to the sociologist and historian of civilization, and last, but not least, to the connoisseur of literature. Also, the bibliophile will find many data unknown to all, about publications and collections of erotica. We welcome this courageous book that presents a valuable piece of conscientious research." George Jean Nathan, the eminent critic, wrote the Preface to this book just before his recent death.

Beautifully designed, handsomely printed, elegantly bound and boxed in a permanent slip case, AN UNHURRIED VIEW OF EROTICA in Connoisseur's Edition is offered for immediate delivery at $4.95, postage paid.


an unhurried view of
EROTICA
book written by Ralph Ginzburg
introduction by Dr. Theodor Reik
preface by George Jean Nathan

To: THE HELMSMAN PRESS R 1
Suite 700, 510 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York

Enclosed please find $_____ for _____ copies of AN UNHURRIED VIEW OF EROTICA in elegant Connoisseur's Edition, for immediate delivery, $4.95, postage paid.

NAME_____

STREET & NUMBER_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

New York City residents please add 15¢ sales tax. Sorry, no COD's.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Random House

NOVELS OF DISTINCTION

The Enemy Camp

By JEROME WEIDMAN. "The best American novel I have read so far in 1958." — *Orville Prescott,* NEW YORK TIMES. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection. *$4.95*

Let No Man Write My Epitaph

By WILLARD MOTLEY. A savage, swirling tale of the Chicago slums by the author of "Knock on Any Door." *$4.95*

The Mission

By DEAN BRELIS. "Unlike any war novel I have ever read."—N.Y. TIMES *$3.50*

Underground City

By H. L. HUMES. "A work of power, maturity, distinction." — NEWSWEEK *$4.95*

Entry E

By RICHARD FREDE. "A real shocker of a novel about the college generation." — SATURDAY REVIEW SYNDICATE *$3.50*

They Came to Cordura

By GLENDON SWARTHOUT. "Sheer storytelling."—SATURDAY REVIEW *$3.50*

A Glass Rose

By RICHARD BANKOWSKY. "Bankowsky is, with one novel, among our finest writers." — LOS ANGELES MIRROR-NEWS *$3.75*

NOW AT YOUR BOOKSTORE RANDOM HOUSE

and the main and essential change is that the children are now fully covered by the family doctor service and by the availability of specialists to visit them in their homes without any financial burden on the parents. This probably means that doctors are consulted earlier for the sick child than before 1948, and it also has implications for the home-care of the sick child . . . diphtheria has almost vanished, 'diarrhoea and sickness' among infants is at any rate temporarily a much reduced threat to infant life and tuberculosis in childhood is rapidly decreasing."

The *Times*, in an editorial comment, stated that "As judged by the health of the nation since its introduction, the Service has been an unqualified success . . . What the Health Service has done is to insure that the discoveries of the research laboratories and institutes of the world are made freely available to every citizen of these Islands to an extent that was not possible under the pre-1948 system. . . ."

IRONICALLY, the American Medical Association is also celebrating a milestone, the seventy-fifth anniversary of its *Journal.* The Jubilee issue contains a score of articles from "acknowledged leaders" in nonmedical fields, "all partners in progress." Among those represented, the reader will find, besides President Eisenhower, of course, the top officials of U.S. Steel, Chrysler, Dow Chemical, Metropolitan Life Insurance, Sears Roebuck, General Motors, Eastern Air Lines, CBS, and ABC—but he will look in vain for a word from organized labor, or from any of the national health and welfare organizations, or from a single official who is charged with the task of assuring hospital services for a great city.

The reader will find, in addition, messages from J. Edgar Hoover, Walt Disney, and DeWitt Wallace. There are none, however, from such lesser figures as Adlai Stevenson or Herbert Lehman. For some reason John Steinbeck appears in the issue with a thin little sketch about a poverty-ridden family named Spivack, which against formidable odds produces a doctor.

Most of the contributors find no occasion to deal with the financial aspect of medical care, but those who do see fit to mention it proudly share Wallace's boast that "we have opposed attempts of government and do-gooders to socialize" the doctors.

It is to be hoped that in its next issue the *Journal* will prove that during the last ten years the health of our nation has improved in the same proportion as that of Britain.

TO OUR READERS

Two nonconsecutive issues of *The Reporter* are dropped from the publishing schedule each summer. Accordingly, after this issue your next copy will be dated September 4. Our regular fortnightly publishing schedule will then be resumed. The dropping of the two issues does not affect the number of issues each subscriber receives.

Those Spanish Sailors

Almost a year ago we printed a story ("The Travels and Troubles of Five Spanish Sailors," September 5, 1957) describing the seemingly senseless effort of the U.S. Navy and the Immigration Service to send five young sailors back to their native Spain, there to be dealt with in the manner reserved by General Franco for hostile elements. The U.S. Court of Appeals has now ordered the sailors released.

During the seven months that the court took to ponder the case, the sailors were held in a California detention camp. They were denied bail, and left to wish that they had jumped ship in a Mexican port instead of leaving it at San Diego in the land of liberty.

The court's verdict is refreshingly vigorous. The Navy was wrong in originally holding the sailors for deportation and the Immigration officials' argument was a "sham." Their explanation, said the court, "no more fits the facts that a horseshoe fits the cloven hoof of an ox."

Thank God we still have an independent judiciary in the United States. Thank God, too, for private agencies like the American Civil Liberties Union, which get aroused by cases like that of the Spanish sailors, fight them through, and win.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WAREHOUSE SALE

- WYNN'S WAREHOUSE SELLS DIRECT TO YOU
- BOOK PRICES SLASHED 30%—50%—70% AND MORE
- MUSEUM REPLICAS OF FINE SCULPTURE AT LOWEST PRICES EVER!

521. A SHORT HISTORY OF EXISTENTIALISM. By Jean Wahl. A well known French philosopher and poet illuminates "existentialism" and philosophies of existence. *Pub. at $2.75.* *Only* **1.00**

516. UNDERSTANDING HISTORY. By Bertrand Russell. A world renowned inococlastic philosopher contributes a biting analysis of current misconceptions of historical events. *Pub. at $2.75.* *Only* **1.49**

657. THE BEAT GENERATION & THE ANGRY YOUNG MEN, edited by Gene Feldman and Max Gartenberg. Exciting selections from the writings that have aroused widespread acclaim and controversy. Stories by Jack Kerouac, Kenneth Rexroth, Norman Mailer, Colin Wilson, etc. *Special,* **4.19**

526. EXTINCT LANGUAGES. By Johannes Friedrich. Scientific, enchanting story of the art of deciphering ancient, forgotten languages. Hundreds of illustrations, charts, graphs, coupled with clear, concise language. Indexed. *Pub. at $4.75.* *Only* **1.98**

603. SEXUAL SYMBOLISM—A HISTORY OF PHALLIC WORSHIP. By Richard P. Knight and Thomas Wright. This authoritative work (long out of print) has recently been reissued and will be invaluable to students of Medieval and ancient history as well as the social scientist. Profusely illustrated. *Pub. at $7.50.* *Special* **5.95**

604. Invaluable Basic Americana! **PLANTING OF CIVILIZATION IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.** By Solon J. Buck and Elizabeth Buck. Massive, handsome volume giving a complete account of every aspect of life at the time this section was a jumping-off point for all Westward pioneers (1765 to 1815). Includes chapters on social customs, industry, religion, agriculture, etc. Over 500 pages, profusely illustrated and mapped, with bibliography and index. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **5.98**

P-302. STATUETTE CAT. Egyptian, 600-300 B.C. Green Antiqued bronze. Height 9½". *$18.00 value.* *Only* **8.97** (shipping and insurance, $1.50)
SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

504. Jean Paul Sartre—**LITERARY ESSAYS.** Fascinating, original studies of Dos Passos, Faulkner, Mauriac, Kafka, Giraudoux and Camus by the founder of Existentialist philosophy. *Pub. at $2.75.* *Now* **1.49**

563. THE PSYCHIC SOURCE BOOK. Edited by Alson Smith. Everything known today about psychic phenomena and extra-sensory perception. Here are fascinating facts on the unseen world as presented by Jung, J. B. Rhine, Pitirim, Sorokin, Lord Balfour, etc. *Pub. at $4.50.* *Only* **2.98**

596. Exotic travels—**THE TRAVELLER'S EYE.** By Dorothy Carrington. Seven centuries of adventure in far lands observed and reported by the travellers themselves. An exciting journey through time to exotic places. Profusely illustrated with contemporary plates. *Pub. at $4.00.* *Only* **1.49**

598. OUR JUNGLE DIPLOMACY. By William F. Sands. Known for his "unconventional diplomacy," Sands went everywhere and spoke to everyone in Latin America. Now he reveals the dark background of our diplomacy that has led to our present day troubles with Latin America. *Pub. at $2.50.* *Only* **1.00**

612. AMERICAN SCIENCE AND INVENTION —A PICTORIAL HISTORY by Mitchell Wilson. More than 1200 drawings, paintings and photographs. Never before has a single richly illustrated volume encompassed the full sweep of our country's inventiveness, from Franklin's experiments with electricity to the Atomic Age. Large volume (9½" x 12½"), over 400 pages. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Special* **4.98**

531. THE NUDE. Andre de Dienes. A fascinating treatise for lovers of nude art. Will be treasured by all who agree with de Dienes that photography is an art form in its own right. For photographers, the technical data which accompany each page-sized plate will be particularly instructive. *Pub. at $6.95.* *Only* **4.98**

634. ALASKAN ADVENTURE. By Jay P. Williams. Vivid tale of adventure in the 49th state by one of the original Alaskan pioneers. Here is wild, unspoiled Alaska—primitive man struggles for survival. Illustrated. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Now* **1.98**

573. THE BOOK OF THE MOUNTAINS. Ed. by A. C. Spectorsky. Splendid, beautiful book devoted to those great ranges of snow capped giants that straddle our globe. 80 articles, 490 pages, nearly 100 breathtaking illustrations *Pub. at $12.50.* *Special* **5.95**

614. FRENCH ART OF THE 18th CENTURY. By Editors of *Connaissance des Arts.* Over 600 illustrations, 50 in color. Magnificent volume (10" x 12½"), covering every facet of French 18th Century art. Comprehensive chapters devoted to Painting, Furniture, Ceramics, Tapestries, Sculpture, Interior Decoration, Gold and Silver masterpieces, etc. *Pub. at $17.50.* *Now* **5.95**

599. LIVING IN BALANCE. By Dr. Frank S. Caprio. A prominent psychiatrist shows you the road to sexual maturity and inner peace. Chapters on who is a "normal" person, neurotic wives and husbands, conquest of fear, etc. Frankly deals with the emotional and sexual conflicts that needlessly ruin business careers, marriages and a normal sex life. *Pub. at $3.50.* *Only* **1.00**

510. Sensation of Paris! **L'OEIL (THE SELECTIVE EYE).** One of the most exquisite issues of this famous international Art Review. Oversize (9½" x 12½") volume, 51 magnificent page-size plates in full color, 190 black-and-white illustrations. Klee, Gauguin, Matisse, Kandinsky, Van Gogh, Miro and many others. Limited quantity of this choice collector's item. *Pub. at $8.75.* *Only* **4.98**

562. CURRENT TRENDS IN THE RELATION OF PSYCHOLOGY TO MEDICINE. Contributions by 8 prominent doctors and psychologists. A tremendous book of up-to-date knowledge, packed full of helpful information. *Pub. at $4.00.* *Only* **1.00**

501. THE PHILOSOPHY OF PSYCHIATRY. By Harold Palmer, M.D. Searching, stimulating investigation of the reciprocity of reaction between physical, mental, chemical and spiritual aspects of the human being. *Pub. at $2.75.* *Only* **1.00**

561. THE GOLDEN BOOK OF IMMORTALITY. Edited by Thomas Curtis Clark and Hazel Davis Clark. More than 300 forthright, challenging affirmations of religious faith, with sections on Personality is Deathless, Immortality, etc. A real guide and inspiration. *Pub. at $2.50.* *Only* **1.00**

R-804. "THE KISS" by Auguste Rodin. 1840-1917. National Gallery of Art. Bronze reduction of original. Height 10". *$25.00 value.* *Only* **11.97** (shipping and insurance, $1.50)
SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

556. POLAND IN WORLD CIVILIZATION. By Roman Dyboski. A complete picture of Polish Life with comprehensive chapters on the rise of Christianity, History of the Jews and Influence of the Jews in Poland, The Pole Abroad, Achievements in Art and Literature, etc. *Pub. at $4.50.* *Only* **1.98**

608. A PARENT'S GUIDE TO INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES. By FRANK D. ASHBURN. Detailed, up-to-date information on all aspects of secondary schools and colleges—their cost, entrance requirements, etc. Sections on educational developments of the 20th Century, background to college admission, and much more. *Pub. at $3.75.* *Only* **1.49**

542. THE WISDOM OF THE TALMUD. By Rabbi Ben Zion Bokser. One of the great cultural treasures of mankind. Choicest material in Talmudic literature, woven into a fascinating portrait of Hebrew concepts of God, ethics, personal morality, law, wisdom. Indexed. *Pub. at $3.75.* *Now* **1.49**

507. VAN GOGH. By Frederick S. Wight. Giant-size volume (10¼" x 14") containing 46 superb reproductions, 12 full-page, full-color plates suitable for framing. Comprehensive biography and commentary. *Pub. at $4.75.* *Only* **1.98**

605. MILTON AND MELVILLE. By Henry F. Pommer. Dr. Pommer's authoritative work on Milton's influence on Herman Melville details the parallels and significant differences found in *Paradise Lost* and *Moby Dick. Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

512. SLEEP: THE WAY TO SOUND AND HELPFUL SLUMBER. Dr. Marie Stopes. The author of *Married Love* gives the answer to the problem that has plagued mankind for centuries. *Pub. at $3.00.* *Only* **1.00**

520. CORPS ET VISAGES FEMININS. By Waldemar George. Unusual volume of art reproductions of the female figure and face (160 in full color and black-and-white) drawn by the great French artists from Ingres to the present time. Brilliant text. Beautiful oversized format and faithful reproductions make this book an exquisite work of art. Pub. by *Editions D'Art et Industries* at $9.00. *Only* **4.98**

597. Corliss Lamont—**THE PHILOSOPHY OF HUMANISM.** Dr. Lamont's mature, philosophic reflection of his experience as a teacher at Columbia University. The historical development of naturalistic Humanism and its value as a way of life for modern man. *Pub. at $4.75.* *Only* **1.98**

560. De Sade. **SELECTED WRITING.** Even De Sade's contemporaries were shocked by his descriptions of unparallelled debauchery. Social, moral and sexual problems are discussed with absolute freedom. *Pub. at $6.75.* *Only* **2.98**

607. SHAKESPEARE — COMPLETE WORKS. All the plays and poetry of the world's greatest poet and dramatist—complete and unabridged. Handsome, permanent volume, over 1000 pages, including all the tragedies and comedies in clearly readable type. Genealogical table, glossary. *Special* **2.69**

593. Bertrand Russell—**THE WILL TO DOUBT.** Bertrand Russell turns his wicked barbs upon the prejudices and superstitions of our time. These brilliant essays make an appeal for the application of intelligence to cure the world's ills. *Pub. at $2.75.* *Only* **1.49**

508. EL GRECO. By Stuart Preston. Giant-size volume (10¼" x 14") containing 46 superb reproductions, 12 full page, full-color plates suitable for framing. Comprehensive biography and commentary. *Pub. at $4.75.* *Only* **1.98**

509. TOULOUSE LAUTREC. By Hans Tietze. Giant-size volume (10¼" x 14") containing 49 superb reproductions, 12 full-page, full-color plates suitable for framing. Comprehensive biography and commentary. *Pub. at $4.75.* *Only* **1.98**

606. The Indians Fight For Equality — **FROM FEATHER, BLANKET & TEPEE.** By George A. Trotter. What do we really know about life of the American Indian today? Here is a direct, first hand report of life on the reservations and the many Indian problems our Government is trying to resolve. *Pub. at $3.50.* *Now* **1.98**

613. THESAURUS OF BOOK DIGESTS. Ed. by Hiram Haydn & Edmund Fuller. 2000 digests of the world's permanent writings from the ancient classics to current literature. A wealth of reading information. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **2.49**

586. AN UNHURRIED VIEW OF EROTICA. By Ralph Ginsburg. Introduction by Dr. Theodor Reik. Preface by George Jean Nathan. The first book ever published with all the basic facts about erotic literature in the English language. Discusses the 200 hard core titles of erotica in rare bookrooms and restricted shelves of world's great libraries. Includes excerpts from *Fanny Hill, Lady Chatterley's Lover,* etc. Also, information on the erotic book markets and erotica collections of the great city libraries. Fine binding, boxed, large-sized page. To be published at *$6.50* in limited edition. *Pre-pub. price* **4.95**

630. AMBROSE BIERCE. Collected writings. With an introduction by Clifton Fadiman. Here, for the first time in one volume, is a comprehensive collection of the most outstanding works of this most unusual writer. Included are his blood-chilling psychological murder stories, mysteries, and tales of the occult and madness; also, the satires and ironic jests that established Bierce as an unequalled wit. Over 800 pages in clear, readable type. *Pub. at $4.95.* *Only* **1.98**

588. Khalil Gibran—**THE PROCESSION.** Gibran's first and last major work in verse presented here in a subtle and sensitive translation by Dr. George Kheirallah. Biographical introduction reveals little known facts of Gibran's life. Illustrated with line drawings by the poet. *Pub. at $2.75.* *Only* **1.49**

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

WYNN BOOKS, Dept. R-8,
262 MOTT ST., N. Y. 12, N. Y.

I enclose ☐ Check ☐ Money Order for $_____ books and replicas indicated below. Please send books postage prepaid (add mailing cost indicated for replicas). Minimum mail order purchase $2. If not satisfied, I will return books or replicas in good condition within 10 days and my money will be refunded immediately.

521	516	657	526	603	604	504	563
596	598	612	531	634	573	614	599
510	562	501	561	556	608	542	507
605	512	520	597	560	607	593	508
509	606	613	586	630	588		

REPLICAS: P-302 R-804 (add insurance, shipping)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE....STATE.....

NYC Residents, add 3% City Sales Tax

For deliveries outside USA & Possessions, add 25c per book, $1 per replica.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO

To the Editor: Everyone I know who has already read *Doctor Zhivago* tells me that it is amazingly like the great nineteenth-century Russian novels.

I have rarely encountered such excitement from people usually undisposed to literary enthusiasm; in the grand old manner a literary event is once again a political event, a social event, and a source of pride in man's creativity.

So far as one can judge from the first group of selections I have just read in the July 10 issue of *The Reporter*, Pasternak's book promises to restore to us that full sense of human power which is the genius of the word. So I am very happy, indeed, that *The Reporter* is bringing out these excerpts from *Doctor Zhivago*, and I hope that as many people as are now depressed by politics—and that means almost everybody—will be made happy by Boris Pasternak on the occasion of his appearance in the English-speaking world.

ALFRED KAZIN
New York

To the Editor: Congratulations on emphasizing the importance of *Doctor Zhivago*, which I believe to be one of the major works of this century. Your statement that this novel "must be treated with the sense of responsibility and discretion that Pasternak needs and deserves" delighted me. And of course I agree fully when you write that it is "an a-Communist, and not an anti-Communist book," and that "it is silly, or worse, to paste a political tag on a novel that is meant to put politics—any kind of politics—in its place." Its "message," however, is more complex and significant than that, as I have tried to indicate elsewhere.

To say that the book may be "the spiritual autobiography of Boris Pasternak" seems to me a mistake, because the doctor is a Hamletic character, with whom the author should not be identified. Pasternak, far more clearly than the doctor, is a man of moral strength and stature, as is recognized by people of the most diverse views within and without the Soviet Union. Further, the "Christ" exalted in the novel is not, as you imply, the Christ of western or eastern orthodoxy but a very different figure, close to the symbol chosen by an earlier Russian poet, Blok, for his world-famous poem on the 1917 revolution: "The Twelve."

When it comes to the choice of excerpts, I find it hard to comment, because my familiarity with and admiration of the novel makes me more regretful for the absence of passages necessarily omitted than pleased with those that were chosen.

In any event, felicitations.

BABETTE DEUTSCH
New York

To the Editor: I was greatly surprised to see the long selection from a novel in the pages of *The Reporter*. My surprise turned to delight as I read along in the first excerpts from *Doctor Zhivago*, which, judging from those excerpts, is a novel in the great tradition. I look forward to the selections in succeeding issues.

ROGER NOBLE
Tucson, Arizona

MR. POWELL AND HARLEM

To the Editor: Will Chasan's article ("Congressman Powell's Downhill Fight in Harlem," *The Reporter*, July 10) is not only an acute treatment of a fluid political situation but also anticipates some of the more probable developments in the future course of events in the Harlem race.

MURRAY BARON
New York

THE REAL CRISIS

To the Editor: The main point of the Goldfine and Adams episode as you stated it in *The Reporter's* Notes ("The Bipartisanship of Vicunas." July 10) is that "corruption always has been vastly overworked as a partisan and political weapon." But this begs by omission a fundamental point. When you say the corruption angle has been overworked politically, you are saying that people are accustomed to it and this, I submit, suggests the depth of the real crisis before us.

SIDNEY TILLIM
New York

MORE ON OUTER SPACE

To the Editor: I believe that Robert Bendiner's report on "Who Owns Outer Space?" in *The Reporter* of June 12, 1958 is the most accurate and sincere analysis of current thinking that has yet appeared. He has analyzed the writings of many of the principal writers with searching care and he has in a succinct manner faithfully stated their viewpoints.

ANDREW G. HALEY
Washington, D. C.

THE PICKET LINE

To the Editor: Your June 26 issue carried an article by John Troy, "The Supreme Court and the Picket Line." According to Mr. Troy, intimidation and coercion are "standard operating procedure in any strike where the union is not prepared to be supine before efforts to break its strike" and are justifiable. This belief is so commonplace in this field that Mr. Troy can call it "standard operating procedure," and not even suggest that one way labor could avoid being bled white by damage suits resulting from such conduct would be to stop engaging in such conduct.

Instead, he suggests ways of avoiding liability. Intimidation and coercion of union-minded employees by anti-union employers was and is ethically and legally wrong. It is wrong because intimidation and coercion are wrong, not because of the end sought. Does Mr. Troy believe that such tactics are wrong only if he does not like the end sought?

GLENN L. MOLLER
St. Louis

To the Editor: I read with great interest John Troy's article, which in almost every respect is an excellent discussion of the possible effects of the Russell decision.

Section 16 of the General Associations Law of New York State provides that where an execution for a money judgment is returned wholly or partially unsatisfied against the property of the unincorporated association, in this case the union, that then the judgment creditor may "maintain an action against the members of the association, or in a proper case against any of them."

The ultimate effect, therefore, of the decision in the Russell case may be even more burdensome, and menacing, than the otherwise excellent article suggested.

RICHARD LIPSITZ
Buffalo

'SCREENING' TV

To the Editor: The problem explored in your June 12 issue by Richard P. Goldman ("The Good TV Shows That Don't Get Seen") dates back before the advent of television. And Cleveland has long been the source of excellent examples of the problem.

But the problem itself is far deeper than that concerning radio's cultural responsibilities. It isn't necessary here to go into the absurd circularism of the notion of "giving the people what they want," absurd even in the mouth of Dr. Frank Stanton of CBS. The people will want whatever they have been led to expect from a medium such as radio.

It isn't whether the public prefers Spillane to Shakespeare that must be considered. What matters is that every individual citizen, as part of his natural cultural birthright, deserves to have Shakespeare available to him.

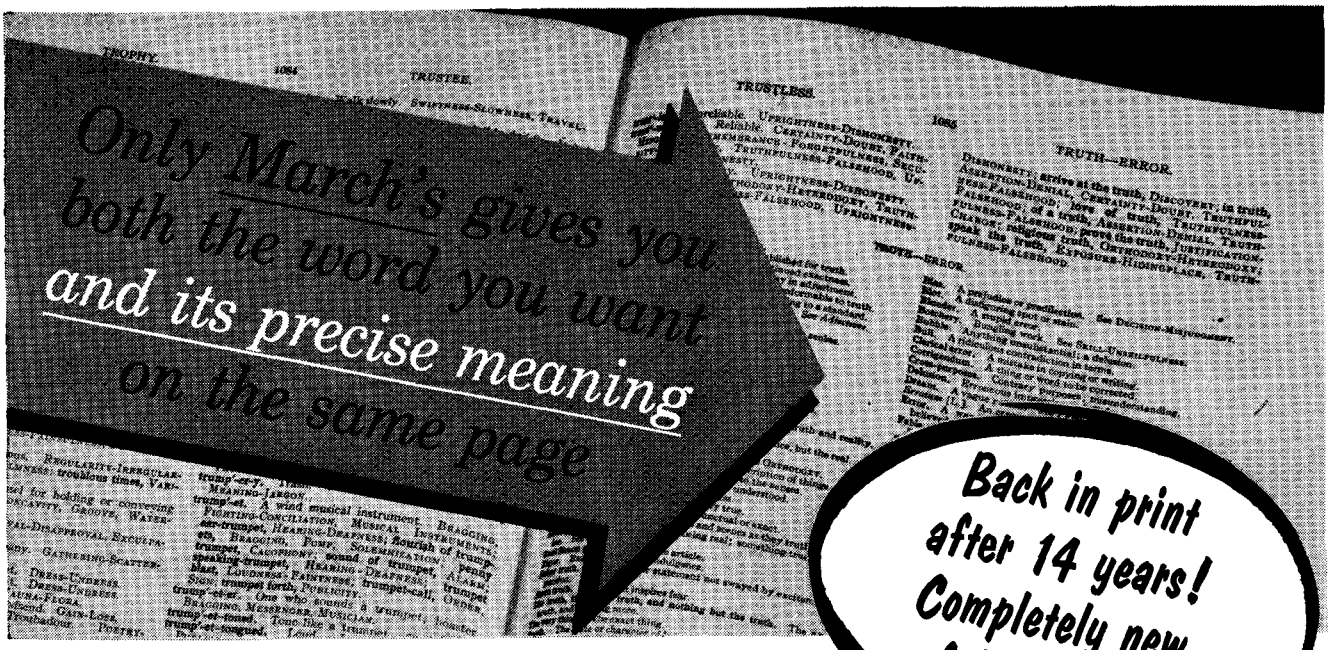
ROBERT A. ATHEARN
Hartford, Connecticut

To the Editor: Richard P. Goldman's article was one that I have been waiting to read in a national publication for quite some time.

As a native Clevelander now living in New York, I can say that the quality of distribution in the Cleveland area has certainly been bad. The public has been in an uproar, but this only brings retorts such as the ones printed in the article: merely excuses.

MELVIN S. SOLOMON
New York

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Only March's gives you both the word you want and its precise meaning on the same page
Back in print after 14 years! Completely new, fully revised.

First major advance since Roget! MARCH'S combines Thesaurus and Dictionary in one volume—saves you time and trouble—quickly gives the exact word you need *and gives you its meaning.*

Do not for a moment consider MARCH'S simply an "improved" old-style thesaurus.

MARCH'S THESAURUS-DICTIONARY *is an entirely new concept in word guides.* It represents the distillation of two generations of brilliant, devoted research; the life work of a titan in the science of linguistics, Francis Andrew March, and of his son, Frances A. March, Jr., a distinguished scholar in his own right. It is an original masterwork that is as important to you in the twentieth century as Roget was to the writer of the nineteenth century. *It is the best means ever devised to find quickly the word that precisely expresses your meaning.*

Why is MARCH'S THESAURUS-DICTIONARY unique? Because only MARCH'S combines the best features of a dictionary and a thesaurus in one handy reference volume. Only MARCH'S alphabetically groups analogous and contrasting words *with each word clearly yet concisely defined.* And only the expanded, revised, 1958 edition of MARCH'S has up-to-the-minute words and phrases — from antihistamine to woofer — found in no other thesaurus. (Nearly 2000 new words were added to this edition.)

With the old-style thesaurus — once you finally located your word — chances are you had to use a dictionary several times to check exact shades of meaning. This waste of time and effort is unnecessary now that MARCH'S, *with definitions for every word,* is back in print.

People who use and respect words have always had a profound affection for MARCH'S. Now, with the inclusion of words and terms from cybernetics, aviation, psychiatry, nuclear physics, electronics and other "twentieth century sciences," this newest edition is a practical necessity for anyone who works with words today.

FREE EXAMINATION — MONTHLY PAYMENT PLAN

For a limited time, you can receive MARCH'S THESAURUS-DICTIONARY for ten days free trial use. If you then do not agree that this is one of the most valuable reference works in the English language — simply return the book without obligation. Otherwise send only $3.75 plus shipping as first payment and $3.00 per month until the total price of $9.75 is paid. May we suggest immediate action to avoid disappointment, as only a limited number of volumes have been set aside for this offer.

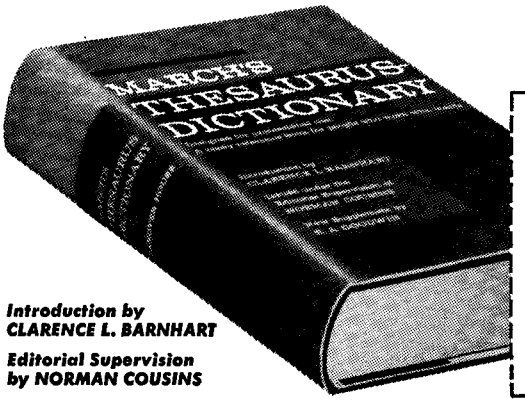
SURPASSES ALL PREVIOUS WORKS*

- Dictionary and thesaurus in a single volume
- Over 1230 pages — big 7" x 10½" format
- Concise, up-to-date definitions for *every* word and phrase
- *Alphabetical* listings minimize cross references
- Groups together analogous *and contrasting* words
- Brought up-to-date with the addition of nearly 2,000 words and phrases — including new scientific terms
- Contains many informal and slang expressions

NORMAN COUSINS: "When March's went out of print during World War II, its users constituted something of a proud and possessive band of the lexicographically privileged. Speaking personally, I can attest that there is no work in my own library which has served me better or which I prize more highly than March's."

***PRINTERS INK:** ". . . truly pioneer work . . . surpassed in method and content all previous works in the field."

March's THESAURUS-DICTIONARY



Introduction by CLARENCE L. BARNHART

Editorial Supervision by NORMAN COUSINS

NOW AVAILABLE FOR THE FIRST TIME

ON A CONVENIENT PAYMENT PLAN

To your bookseller, or

DOUBLEDAY AND COMPANY

Garden City, New York

Please send me a copy of the new MARCH'S THESAURUS-DICTIONARY in one volume for 10 days free examination. After putting it to use, I will either send you $3.75 plus shipping, as first payment, and $3.00 monthly for two months until the total price of $9.75 is paid — or, return it within 10 days and owe nothing.

☐ Check here if you prefer the thumb-indexed edition at $10.75. (First payment $4.75 plus shipping and $3.00 monthly for two months.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE...STATE.....

☐ **SAVE!** *Remit complete payment with order and we pay shipping cost. Same 10 day return privilege with full refund.*

8-RE-8

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Philippine Freedom

1946-1958

By ROBERT AURA SMITH

How Asia's first "colonial" state to gain independence has fared in its first twelve years, and where it now stands as a free world bastion in Asia. $5.00

A Serbian Village

JOEL MARTIN HALPERN lived for a year in the Serbian village of Orasac. Here he tells about its people, how they live and how their patterns have endured despite the pressures of today's communistic socio-political system. Photographs and drawings. $6.00

Soviet Marxism

A Critical Analysis

HERBERT MARCUSE examines the historical realities that produced Marxism; the developments that have altered it; and the doctrinal shifts, from Leninism to the present, that are consistent with Marxist theory. $4.50

COLUMBIA University Press

2960 Broadway, New York 27, N. Y.

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

OUR COUNTRY has not had such a shock since the end of the war. Everything has been so sudden that there seems to be an overwhelming sense of unreality in the situation produced by the seven-hour revolution that brought down the monarchic, pro-western régime in Iraq. When the Communists took over Czechoslovakia, there was enough vigor left in the western community to bring NATO into existence. Then came the Berlin blockade, and the courage of the Berlin citizenry, plus the airlift, took care of that. For the Korean aggression too, an answer could be found, but it was appallingly costly and inconclusive. When the Russians launched their first earth satellite, our editorial comment was: "Thank You, Sputnik!" Frankly, we are in no condition to thank anybody for what has happened to us lately.

It has not been a case of meeting an opponent's challenge but of facing the consequences of action taken by our own nation, with only a vague notion, if any at all, as to what our next step should be. For this reason, the emergency our country faces is in **Max Ascoli's** opinion the worst yet.

What brought the situation about, the diplomatic or strategic mistakes which made it inevitable—all this is described by **Hubert H. Humphrey,** the Democratic senator from Minnesota. Senator Humphrey has a special right to speak on this subject. For years he has been sounding the alarm on the dangers of our Middle Eastern policies. He has been a frequent visitor to the region and has untiringly followed the deterioration of the policies we have pursued in that crucial section of the world. As a man of action, not satisfied with carping criticism, Senator Humphrey gives us the broad outlines of what a truly effective American foreign policy for the Middle East should be.

Two men who have recently lived and worked in Iraq bring us their first-hand experience of that country. **Michael Ionides,** an Englishman, was for three years one of the two non-Iraqi members of the Iraq Development Board. **Malcolm N. Quint** has just returned from Iraq after spending twenty-one months there on a Ford Foundation fellowship doing research on the structure of rural Iraq.

Michael Adams, Middle East correspondent for the Manchester *Guardian,* has had long and detailed experience with Lebanese politics. He must surely have been particularly impressed when he learned that, in a message to the American soldiers in Beirut, our President had compared the freedom of the American people, as practiced in our elections, with that of the Lebanese. Perhaps he heard the President's actual broadcast, for he was in Beirut at the time of the American landings, and we would not be surprised if he hastily sought relief in a double Scotch or a tranquilizer.

THUS FAR, no Middle Eastern country is under Communist rule, but one of the Indian states at present enjoys this sad privilege—Kerala. **Seyom Brown** is just back from India, where he was observing conditions under a Ford Foundation grant. . . . Contributing Editor **Robert Bendiner** surveys the economic ills that afflict our railroads. . . . **William H. Hessler** is on the staff of the Cincinnati *Inquirer.* . . . **Everett Martin,** of the Detroit office of the *Christian Science Monitor,* analyzes the extraordinary situation which has led the workers in the automobile industry to stay on the job without a contract.

We continue publication of excerpts from the Russian novel *Doctor Zhivago* by **Boris Pasternak,** which Pantheon Books will bring out in this country in September. The translation is by Max Hayward and Manya Harari.

Alfred Kazin's latest book is *The Inmost Leaf* (Harcourt, Brace). . . . **John Kenneth Galbraith** is the author of *The Affluent Society* (Houghton Mifflin). . . . **Sidney Alexander's** most recent book is *Michelangelo the Florentine* (Random House).

Our cover is by **Dean Ellis.**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

MAX ASCOLI, *Editor and Publisher*

Executive Editor, Philip Horton • *Managing Editor*, Robert Bingham
Associate Editor, Gouverneur Paulding
Contributing Editors: Robert Bendiner, William S. Fairfield
Art Director, Reg Massie • *Copy Editors:* Derek Morgan, Robert H. Albert
Staff Writers: Claire Sterling, Marya Mannes, Charles Clift, Paul Jacobs
Assistant to the Managing Editor, Louisa Messolonghites • *Librarian*, Ruth Ames
General Manager, John J. Borghi • *Circulation Manager*, George Hinckley
Director of Promotion, Shirley Katzander • *Production Manager*, Ann Hollyday Sharp

VOLUME 19, NO. 2 **AUGUST 7, 1958**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2

Touching Bottom in the Middle East

THE WORST YET—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 10
A CHRONOLOGY OF FAILURE . . . . . *Senator Hubert H. Humphrey* 11
IRAQ:
I—THE END OF AN ERA . . . . . *Michael Ionides* 14
II—A NEW CLASS IN THE MAKING . . . . . *Malcolm N. Quint* 15
LEBANON: THE FRUSTRATED CIVIL WAR . . . . . *Michael Adams* 17

At Home & Abroad

THE RAILROADS: FROM OVERLORD TO UNDERDOG . . . . . *Robert Bendiner* 19
THE NAVY TAKES UP RUSSIA'S UNDERSEA CHALLENGE . . *William H. Hessler* 24
REUTHER'S UNDEFEATED UNION VS. AN UNPRECEDENTED ALLIANCE . . . . . *Everett Martin* 27
KERALA: AN INDIAN BEAR WALKS THE TIGHTROPE . . . . . *Seyom Brown* 30

Further Excerpts from Doctor Zhivago . . . . . *Boris Pasternak* 34

Views & Reviews

THE AVANT-GARDE AND THE GOOD OLD DAYS . . . . . *Alfred Kazin* 44
THE OILMEN AND A DESERT KING . . . . . *John Kenneth Galbraith* 45
A HUMANIST LOOKS AT THE MODERN NOVEL . . . . . *Sidney Alexander* 46
BOOK NOTES 48

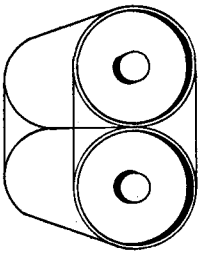
Editorial and Business Offices:
136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

Manuscripts or artwork submitted to The Reporter should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or artwork.

DUAL CYLINDER
STENCIL DUPLICATOR

PASTE-INK. SILK SCREEN PROCESS

Printer's style paste ink is processed by the dual cylinders through a silk screen for a truly fine image. No liquid inks to drip or leak. Inking is completely automatic from the original tube container.



Amazing Print-Like Results

Gestetner

All your printing requirements—forms, menus, programs, booklets, etc., (*in color, too*) can now be done with a speed and economy beyond compare with any process. The *Gestetner* is designed like a modern automatic printing press—but simple enough so that your office girl can operate it without getting a soiled finger.

You will marvel at the attractive quality of Gestetner duplicating—the nearest thing to printing you have ever seen. You will be amazed to learn that a *Gestetner* costs no more than the old-fashioned "mimeo."

Gestetner is the world's first and largest manufacturer of duplicating equipment.

Mail Coupon for Actual Samples of Gestetner Work

GESTETNER DUPLICATOR CORPORATION
216-222 Lake Ave., Dept. A81 Yonkers, N.Y.
Please send descriptive literature and specimens

NAME .....
COMPANY .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... STATE .....

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Worst Yet

SINCE THE END of the fighting in Korea, our country has undergone a series of traumatic experiences and each new shock has led us only to bitter soul searching. When the Hungarians revolted, we did no more than wish them luck, secretly hoping that the other satellite peoples would not follow their example. Then, one after another, came all those technological Russian achievements that made our vaunted supremacy in gadgets and weapons more than questionable.

The latest traumatic experience is proving to be far more shattering than any we have previously undergone. This time it has not been caused by lack of action. Rather, we have found ourselves acting in Lebanon as if in a trance, with the Lebanese people and the rest of the world staring at us in dismay or in anger.

What are our Marines doing there, particularly since Lebanon is a jumping off place to nowhere? They are not supposed to fight the rebels, and the rebels themselves, for all the massive military support they are supposed to have received from the United Arab Republic, do not seem inclined to do much fighting anyway—a disposition shared by the regular Lebanese army.

The U.S. Marines have always been a redoubtable military outfit, but these Marines from the Sixth Fleet, it has been repeatedly stated, have the latest weapons. So have our ships and so have our planes. Yet what at the utmost might have been needed in Lebanon was a police force with night sticks. Actually, the U.N. observer teams were such a force and were guaranteeing the transition from the Chamoun government to one selected by compromise among the belligerent Lebanese factions. Compromise seems to have been the overriding aim of the Lebanese civil warriors. But when President Chamoun cried out for help, the Marines landed.

The incongruous quality of the whole operation was matched by the equally incongruous, and nearly unanimous approval by responsible Americans of the President's decision. It was a case of patriotic support given for patriotism's sake to an action that had been taken for action's sake. True, it was said that the President could not do otherwise, which may mean that he had let himself be maneuvered into a position where he had no alternatives, and where, therefore, a show of strength was determined by impotence.

It may be said that our British allies acted more or less the way we did. Yet once again they showed that patriotism does not require unanimous approval of whatever action the men in power may see fit to undertake.

PERHAPS our intervention in Lebanon was made necessary by our previous policies. It was inevitable just as it was frivolous, and for this inevitability and frivolity the Republican administration is not solely responsible. How many times have we heard that it is America's destiny to be the guardian of all nations, great and small? To keep the independence and integrity of Middle Eastern nations was the avowed aim of the Eisenhower Doctrine. No political aggregate that has come to be called a nation can—so it seems—ever get rid of its independence and integrity, nor can it ever be relieved of the burden of sovereignty. Even the fact of having no economic or political viability is no exemption from nationhood—an extraordinary extension of the Wilsonian principle. And no nation can change its internal order except via due process of an utterly unwritten, utterly unfathomed law.

This maniacal conservatism, this worship of the status quo, is counteracted by an equally maniacal acceptance of all nationalisms, of all movements for national independence. At present, Soviet Russia has become the champion of wholesale nationalism—provided of course it does not benefit Hungarians or Poles. Soviet Russia is riding high, while we have assumed the role of the world's arch-reactionary. Yet this playing with the sovereignty and independence of nations, whether to defend them at any price or subvert them at any price, is exceedingly reckless. It is an unchallengeable fact of international life—and particularly in these days of free-for-all nationhood and nationalism—that for the extravagances of the minor powers it is the major ones who pay.

The potential arbitrariness of the two major nations finds some check in the peculiar conditions of our bipolar, multinational world. Fortunately there are also intermediate powers endowed with different degrees of strength and influence—and we have found out only too well in the days following the Lebanon landings what a check these powers can exert. The small nations too, no matter how improbable some of them may be, have a role to play—witness the General Assembly of the United Nations.

IN THE WORLD of the United Nations conditions have come into existence which make a new dimension of democracy—democracy in international affairs—not only conceivable but actual. The extraordinary thing is that in this new game of international politics the greatest democracy in the world consistently manages to be the loser.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Chronology Of Failure

SENATOR HUBERT H. HUMPHREY

THE LANDING of the Marines in Lebanon has produced some of the sharpest criticism from our friends that we have so far had to face in the postwar world. Succeeding developments and the passage of time will decide the final score of the debits and credits it has earned us. But whatever the end result there is no mistaking the fact that it was an act of desperation capping seven years in which we groped for a policy without ever succeeding in producing one.

Perhaps the best that can be said of the recent developments in Lebanon and Iraq is that they promise to force a clarification of U.S. policy in the Middle East. Until now there has not been a single state in the Middle East that knew what, if anything, we were going to do. The American people themselves were no better informed. As late as June 25, the Defense Department came out against intervention in Lebanon with U.S. military force and the idea, it appeared, was dropped. Yet now we are in Lebanon and our immediate preoccupation is how to get out of it.

The landings were at best a unilateral stop-gap measure to stave off disaster and give us time to explore more durable solutions. They may even give us for a short period of time a stronger bargaining position vis-à-vis the Soviet Union in negotiations for neutralizing the Middle East, but we will be lucky indeed if they provide even this advantage. For the rest, our margin of error in the Middle East is now exhausted.

THE RECORD of error itself is appalling. Ever since the end of the Second World War, U.S. policy has persisted in ignoring or underestimating the two great political realities of the Middle East: a genuine desire for neutrality in the struggle between East and West and a newly aroused passion for Arab unity. These represent the conditions which in Arab eyes are absolutely essential to achieving the aims of the revolution now sweeping the Middle East: social and economic betterment and full-fledged responsible membership in today's world.

In my June, 1957, Report to the Senate, following my visit to the Middle East as chairman of the subcommittee on affairs in that area, I listed several additional realities:

"1. The masses of the Middle East are in revolt against poverty, serfdom, ignorance, and disease. These problems are regionwide.

"2. Since its 1955 arms agreement with Egypt, the Soviet Union has been in the Middle East waging an all-out campaign of subversion with arms, propaganda, commercial missions, military technicians, and agents of every kind.

"3. The legitimate aspirations of the Arab peoples are being diverted and exploited by Nasser and by the Communists into a xenophobia which fixes responsibility for every ill, fancied or real, on the 'imperialism' of the West.

"4. The Arab refugee problem and the lack of Arab-Israeli peace are being exploited by the Communists to their own advantage.

"5. The influence both of Nasser and of the Communists reaches out across national boundaries and over the heads of government to infect millions of people, with the result that the security of every Arab régime depends on the support of its army."

In that 1957 Report I went on to say that the: "only realistic basis for an effective American policy toward the Middle East is one which rests on the following assumptions:

"1. That Israel is an integral part of the region and is there to stay;

"2. That the 1949 armistice boundaries constitute inviolable political boundaries subject to change only by the joint agreement of the states concerned;

"3. That resettlement in Arab lands, with compensation for property left in Israel, is in fact the only effective and realistic way of solving the Arab refugee problem;

"4. That the stability and security of the region demand an early settlement of the Arab-Israeli conflict. . . .

"By moving simultaneously toward regional development and social progress, toward a final disposition of the refugee problem and toward a directly negotiated Arab-Israeli peace, we can make our position unequivocably clear.

"When we have done that, we will be better understood, and more respected by the people of the Middle East."

The Brotherly Kremlin

Yet for the last several years we ignored or underestimated these factors. Toying with military pacts and military aid, we have contributed to division rather than to unity and to economic anarchy rather than to economic co-operation. We have had our eyes fixed not on the Middle East but on the Soviet Union, on whose back doorstep we were playing our dangerous game. We said to the Arab countries "those who are not with us are against us," while Soviet spokesmen were saying "those who are not against us

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are with us." Everywhere in the Middle East we have preferred "firm allies" to friendly states.

At a recent conference in Cairo one of the Soviet delegates set forth the Kremlin's contrasting Middle East policy in the following words: "We do not ask you to participate in any blocs, reshuffle your governments or change your domestic or foreign policy. We are ready to help you as brother helps brother . . . Tell us what you need and we will help you and send, according to our economic capabilities, money needed in the form of loans or aid . . . to build for you institutions for industry, education and hospitals . . ."

Propaganda? Of course. But how effective and how uncomfortably like the program we ourselves might have initiated had we been more concerned with people and less with military pacts and hardware.

As Americans, we should spend no time in recrimination. We should proceed at once to a thorough examination of our policy to date. We should aim to find not culprits but useful guidelines for the future.

A false analogy with NATO furnished much of the background. On October 13, 1951, the United States, Great Britain, France, and Turkey (the latter about to become a member of NATO) presented to Egypt the plan for a Middle East Defense Organization. Egypt was to be an equal partner in the defense of the area against Communist aggression. The reply was immediate and unequivocal. Even the corrupt and cynical Farouk-Nahas Pasha régime, then in its last months, declined to accept an arrangement that would perpetuate the presence of the British in Suez.

Despite this rebuff from Egypt, then as now the bellwether of Arab opinion, the western powers presented the plan to the other Arab states. A cabinet crisis ensued in Syria; the government fell and a military dictator, Adib Shishekly, took over on November 29, 1951. Although he was basically friendly to the West, he followed, until he was overthrown by those even more intransigent, a policy of nonalignment with the West.

Under the Republican administration Secretary of State John Foster

Dulles made a trip to the area in the spring of 1953. In a speech to the American people on June 1, 1953, he said, among other things:

"There is a vague desire to have a collective security system. But no such system can be imposed from without. It should be designed and grow from within out of a sense of common destiny and common danger."

The next year a serious attempt was made to come to some sort of terms with the new Arab nationalism. Farouk and Nahas Pasha had gone, and a young army officer, Gamal Abdel Nasser, was prime minister. The British, partly under pressure from Washington, agreed to revise the terms under which they controlled the Suez Canal by means of a vast military base there.

American mediation was no doubt reinforced by the fact that President Eisenhower, on July 15, 1954, promised the president of Egypt that the United States would enter into "firm commitments" with the former on economic and military assistance if Egypt could arrive at a satisfactory disposition of the Suez base.

When in the fall of 1954 the British agreed to withdraw all military personnel from Suez, the United States was under obligation to take up the slack and to explore further the commitments it had promised to Egypt. For a short time, in fact, a kind of carefree honeymoon prevailed between the State Department and Nasser. This attitude was widely reflected in the American press. Nasser was described as "a thoroughly dedicated and undictatorial ruler," and his régime was called "The best government Egypt has ever had in its history."

We had helped the young Egyptian leader to take one major step toward national integrity and independence. We were prepared, it seemed, to help him further.

But with the myopia and vacillation characteristic of our Middle East policy throughout we were actually preparing at the same time a major setback to Nasser and his dream of Arab unity. On February 24, 1955, after weeks of preliminary talks, largely inspired by Mr. Dulles, a pact of "mutual co-operation" was signed at Baghdad between Iraq and Turkey. A brief document, it did not mention the danger of Communist aggression but it was generally realized that these were the beginnings of an anti-Communist bloc in the Middle East itself—one that might correspond to the kind of local defense system Dulles had envisaged in his 1953 speech.

A Pact for Whom?

What Mr. Dulles overlooked or chose to ignore was the fact that Iraq (the only Arab state among the final adherents of the pact) was also Egypt's chief rival for leadership of the Arab world, an oil-rich nation, a traditional ally of Britain which since 1930 had been controlled more often than not by Nuri es Saïd, Nasser's bitterest enemy in the Middle East. Egypt lost no time in launching vituperative attacks against the pact over Radio Cairo.

When the British government adhered to the Baghdad Pact a few months later, most Arabs were convinced that the charges of Radio Cairo were really true: that the pact was not Middle Eastern in its inspiration or purpose, but rather a backhanded way of perpetuating old imperialist interests and keeping the Arab world divided against itself. When the U.S. government in turn established political and military liaison with the pact members in Baghdad, Egypt and its friends saw further confirmation of their suspicions and further reason to seek additional arms for themselves.

Even Jordan, Britain's loyal ally and ward, was not prepared to defy the storm of Arab resentment. Despite strong British pressure, the prime minister, a long-time friend of the West, declined to sign the pact and resigned. The succeeding cabinet, favorable to the alliance, quickly fell before violent demonstrations throughout Jordan.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outbreaks continued into 1956, and eventually led to the dismissal on March 2 of Sir John Glubb, trainer and commander of the crack Arab Legion, Jordan's army. However, this step did not appease the anti-pact forces and early in April, 1957, King Hussein—with the U.S. Sixth Fleet standing by—had to put down an attempt against the monarchy. Even then, however, he declined to associate himself and his government with the Baghdad Pact.

Our own government, meanwhile, having sponsored the pact refused to join it. We could, of course, make a case of sorts for being in it. We could have made a far better case for being out of it. But we could hardly make a convincing case for being a non-dues paying, honorary, card-carrying member of three committees of the pact. Yet that is exactly what we did.

THIS IS NOT the place to go into the whole Suez controversy. But one of our own acts which helped precipitate the crisis calls for comment.

During 1955—when courtship of Nasser was still the order of the day—the United States and the World Bank had made a pretty firm offer to help Nasser build his High Aswan Dam on the Nile. Suddenly, on July 19, 1956, Dulles withdrew the offer with the clear intention of punishing Nasser in the eyes of the world for making a deal with the Soviet Union to obtain the arms which we had refused to sell him. The reasons given were two: that Egypt had reached no agreement with the Sudan on use of Nile water (there had been none when we made the offer); and that the Egyptian economy was not in such good shape as it had been. In fact, the Egyptian economy continued, in its international aspects, to rely on barter deals for its cotton. The World Bank stated on July 23 that its offer of $200 million for the dam had been contingent on U.S. aid and so had lapsed.

Nasser retaliated by nationalizing the Suez Canal Company on July 26 and the sorry events of that fall are now history.

In the dramatic atmosphere that prevailed after Suez, when the times cried out for a general attack upon the deep social and economic ills of the Middle East, the administration could only produce the so-called "Eisenhower Doctrine." This was simply another plan of a primarily military character. The administration frankly presented the doctrine on January 5, 1957, as a stop-gap measure and promised a broader, more comprehensive program to follow it. No program appeared.

In the face of ample evidence that the real dangers lay in regional rivalries, factionalism, and poverty, the doctrine provided for armed United States intervention in the Middle East at the request of any state in the area threatened with "overt armed aggression from any nation controlled by international Communism." It also tied the "development of economic strength" in the Middle East to contingencies of a military nature. Here again we ignored the regional desire for neutrality and sought "firm" allies.

Only Lebanon, among the Arab states, immediately supported the doctrine—though even that country later expressed grave qualms about it. With the refusal of Jordan, Saudi Arabia, and Iraq—our key supporters in the area—to accept the doctrine, our government undertook a foolhardy attempt to isolate Nasser and his supporters and to establish a rival center of Arab power.

To this end we placed our reliance on King Saud of Saudi Arabia to be the leader and mediator of the Arab world. The choice of this feudal monarch who had himself helped to finance anti-western propaganda in Jordan, Syria, and Lebanon could hardly have been more ill-advised. His efforts to mediate the Jordan crisis in the spring of 1957 and the Turkish-Syrian crisis in the fall of that year met with complete failure and served only to contribute to the curtailment of his power in his own country and to the ascendancy of his more cautious and neutralist-minded brother, Crown Prince Faisal.

The rest of the story has been told in recent headlines: In Lebanon a popular revolt against the government and leaders of our choice; in Iraq the assassination of our strongest Arab friends and the advent of a government pledged to neutralism. The subsequent landings of U. S. Marines in Lebanon and of British paratroopers in Jordan underscored, for the benefit of the world's press, the total bankruptcy of our policy in the Middle East.

Five Proposals

Out of this dismal record of failure, a few hard facts emerge. No matter where or how we seek to work out a new policy for the Middle East, whether in the United Nations or out of it—and I believe it should be in it—we may be certain that it will not be effective unless it is based on a clear recognition of the basic realities of the region.

It is equally certain that we cannot solve or help to solve the problems of the Middle East by means of bilateral arrangements with individual states in the area. The strategic location and the oil resources of the region will of course remain vitally important to our NATO allies. But today the Middle East has become a problem of deepest concern to the whole world. Our aims and the means we use to attain them must shift accordingly.

The only effective alternative to Communist domination or unbridled Nasserism is a regionally organized situation of positive neutrality. There are five specific steps we could take to set in motion this new approach to the Middle East and its problems. All of them could profitably be undertaken within the framework of the United Nations.

¶ We should seek the creation of a permanent United Nations police force. We should initiate and persevere in proposals at the United Nations to place UNEF on a continuing expanded basis.

¶ As part of this expanded UNEF we should consider proposing a pilot project, an open-skies aerial- and ground-inspection system over the border areas of all the Arab states and of Israel. Since many of these governments supported the 1955 United Nations resolution giving priority to these proposals on a

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wider scale, these same governments might be asked to assist in the reduction of tensions in their own areas, as well as help promote the usefulness of this concept for disarmament negotiations generally by accepting such a United Nations inspection system.

¶ We should initiate proposals to end the arms race in the Middle East by an effective embargo against any shipments of arms other than those made under United Nations auspices. To this end, we should seek the establishment by the United Nations General Assembly of a special commission on arms traffic, which would be charged with responsibility for proposing early recommendations on regulating all flow of non-United Nations arms material into that region and inside that region.

¶ We should propose the establishment of a Middle East good-offices commission. Its purpose would be to reduce tensions in the Middle East by promoting direct negotiations between the current antagonists and mediating among them if direct negotiations proved to be impossible. The commission should be specifically charged with unremitting exploration of the possibility of negotiations on the central problems of determination of boundaries, resettlement of Arab refugees from Israel and of Jewish refugees from Egypt and Syria, and the conclusion of treaties of peace.

¶ We should seek to break the stalemate of inertia and blockade by promoting dynamic projects to help raise living standards, strengthen economies, and encourage orderly social progress in the Middle East. We should reaffirm our interest and support for long-term regional economic-development programs broad enough to encompass multinational river-development projects. We should take the initiative in the United Nations in proposing a Middle East Development Agency as an administering body for the mutual pooling of capital and technical aid in the region.

A YEAR AND A HALF AGO, when I first put forward these same proposals, I called them "sound and practicable." Today I call them imperative.

IRAQ:
I—The End of an Era

MICHAEL IONIDES

THE CRUCIAL THING for westerners to understand is that the Iraqi revolution is a genuine Arab movement in its own right, springing from Arab ideas and Arab aspirations. Arab nationalism was the force behind the men of the Arab Revolt in 1917, and Nuri es Saïd was the last of the generation of Arab leaders who worked with Lawrence. But that "Old Arab nationalism," with Nuri as its leader, was challenged by a new "Young Arab nationalism" led by Nasser, and a deep and bitter struggle was set in motion within every country in the Middle East. Egypt and Syria were swept together by the new movement; Iraq and Jordan are now split by it.

All Arabs have always sought independence, unification, and a halt to Zionism. Nuri was just as anxious to reach those goals as Nasser. The differences between the two men and between the old Arab nationalism and the young were related to method. Nuri was openly pro-British, pro-western; he had always co-operated with Britain and the West. He believed that Israel was the key to the situation and that if something could be done about Israel the major obstacle to Arab aims would be removed. Arabs have no doubt that when the western powers split up the Middle East into a patchwork of little states after the First World War, their purpose was to keep those states disunited so that they could be played off against each other, thus giving Britain and France the means of dominating oil, communications, and strategic positions. That, in essence, is what the Arabs mean by western "imperialism."

When Israel came into existence in 1948, it became a fixed part of Arab belief, among both anti- and pro-western groups, that the western powers would resist Arab unity even more unyieldingly since Israel had been added to the list of vital western interests. Thus, to the Young Arab nationalists and Nasser, Nuri's policy of argument and persuasion was bound to fail. The only way was for the Arabs themselves to unify and face the West from one of those "positions of strength" that western leaders had taught them were so important in international relations.

Western support of Israel prevented Nuri from furnishing any satisfactory answer. The West could not help him with any plans for unification so long as the Israel question remained unsettled. That is why he begged and pleaded, in public and in private, for an effective move from the West. He said all along that he would be prepared to negotiate on the basis of the 1947 U.N. resolutions, as did Nasser and the others until recently. This clearly implied a readiness to recognize the existence of Israel and presumably indicated that Nuri was prepared to come to terms a good deal more favorable to Israel than those provided by the 1947 frontiers. The Arab positions seemed reasonable enough to him and his friends, but the West could not or would not support him.

When the British and French forces invaded Egypt—every Arab thought they did so in collusion with Israel—Nuri lost more ground. The Young Arab movement rapidly gained influence through the Arab world, including Iraq. Nasser was credited with creating the independence the western world would not give, with enlisting Russian help to counter the Israel danger, and with opening the way to Arab unification.

The Double-Edged Pact

Everywhere the appeal to the younger Arabs was immense. Nuri's method of co-operation had failed. Now, suddenly, Nasser showed Arabs how to achieve goals common to them all. To the Young Arab movement, Nuri now appeared as the man who had been duped by the West and re-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fused to admit it. Meanwhile, in the West the belief prevailed that international Communism was subverting governments and peoples loyal to the West and that everyone would return to the fold if only the organisers and plotters could be destroyed.

The Russians, of course, favored Arab nationalism and no doubt provided advice and help on tactics. But that no more made the Arab movement Communist than wartime co-belligerency with Russia made Roosevelt and Churchill Communists. Even Nuri acquitted Nasser publicly of the charge of Communism.

The western powers, believing that Communism was the danger politically and Russia militarily, created the Baghdad Pact. Whatever its merits for Nuri, its value as a weapon against him was easily apparent to his adversaries. He now had nowhere to look for support except to the West.

ALL HE COULD DO was to fight discontent in Iraq and hope for the best, pushing forward a development program with utmost diligence. He had always been deeply concerned with the Iraq Development Board. Now its program was enlarged with plans for community development, housing, schools, hospitals, roads, bridges, factories, power stations, canals, drains, river barrages, and dams. And progress was made. Nuri brought to the effort a special note of urgency because the greater the success of these public works, the greater his hopes of holding out against growing pressure.

However, this meant a heavy strain on the administration. Government departments had to be staffed at a far faster rate than was feasible in a country lacking a trained bureaucracy. Unavoidably, standards of efficiency were not upheld. The accumulatively rising load of new responsibilities proved crushing to the civil service. And every new development created the necessity for new laws and new regulations to provide for its operation and administration.

Nuri was so preoccupied with external affairs that he lacked time to attend himself to these administrative problems and responsibility was almost impossible to delegate. The strain was cumulative; the gap tended to widen; the machinery of government began to creak.

The proclamation of Nasser's United Arab Republic, viewed as the first step towards unification of the Arab world in the Middle East, was a banner to wave in the sight of Arabs everywhere. The countermove, the union of Iraq and Jordan, might have done Nuri some good if only it had happened a year or two earlier. To give the union greater strength, Nuri and his government wanted Kuwait to join. That would have brought in additional funds. Nuri regarded Kuwait's participation as absolutely essential.

Kuwait did not join. The anti-Nuri propaganda machine went to work. The British were at work again, his opponents said: the British would never allow Kuwait to join; Nuri had been duped again.

Early this summer, Nuri went to England. He took the step, unusual for him, of publishing an interview in the *Times* of London. It was virtually an open plea for military intervention to support President Chamoun. The end was near.

THE WESTERN WORLD saw the development works and their very real success, and thought all was well. They did not see the dark side, the steady build-up of the movement against Nuri and the Palace. Year by year the Young Arab nationalists gained in number. Nuri found himself compelled to contribute to the misunderstanding that clouded the situation in the eyes of the West. He refused to admit the existence of a bona fide internal opposition; he placed the blame on foreign agents. The tragedy is that he and his enemies were fighting for much the same things; and were not, as the West supposed, champions on the one hand of the anti-Communist world, and, on the other, of the Communist.

Now new men are in the saddle. It would not be surprising if the new Iraq government now said, in effect, to the West: "Here we are at last. We want to sell our oil and you want to buy it. We need to import goods, the services of professional men, consultants, contractors; you have them to offer. Well and good. Let us get on a straightforward business relationship between willing buyers and willing sellers. But do not try to embroil us in your quarrels with your enemies, with which we are not concerned. Do not press more treaties and pacts and doctrines on us. You have your loyalties; we will respect them. We have ours; respect them and do not subject us to *your* loyalty tests. If you are prepared to live and let live, we can do business."

ONE THING is certain: the men of the Iraq revolution will not take kindly to being told that their revolution is not theirs at all—that it was directed by Nasser, and that they were merely his agents. Baghdad is not a suburb of Cairo, and the oil belongs to Iraq, not to Egypt.

II—A New Class in the Making

MALCOLM N. QUINT

TO TAKE the long view one can say that the sequence of events that lay behind the Iraq coup d'état has been one of recurrent violence:

1941—Army coup supported by the educated class.

1948—Riots and violent protests by students and intellectuals.

1952-1953—Almost two years of violence fomented by the educated class.

1956—Riots, protests, and violence by students, government officials, and merchants, supported by mutinies in the army.

Every one of these eruptions was related to external events and was apparently caused by them: the Second World War and German agitation in 1941; a treaty that renewed Iraqi dependence on and subservience to Britain, and the Arab defeat by Israel in 1948; the successful Egyptian revolution of 1952; and finally the British-French-Israeli attack on Egypt. But under-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lying these external factors was a deep and implacable hatred of Nuri Pasha, who was the symbol of the frustration and repression suffered by the Iraqi educated class.

A New Class with New Ideas

I remember a conversation I had with a young Iraqi intellectual almost two years ago during the height of the anti-government violence. I chided him for talking against the government while doing nothing to help the demonstrators. He explained: "What chance do a few students and intellectuals have against Nuri and the police, so long as he controls the army? Certainly, we all hate Nuri, and if I saw even a one-in-a-hundred chance of success, I'd throw the first bomb. All of us will be out in the streets and at the barricades as soon as our brothers in the army give the word. They, and only they, can rid us of this damned Englishman—Nuri."

The young army officers upon whom Iraqi intellectuals depended turned out to be just as bitter toward the government as the students, the lawyers, the teachers, the engineers, the doctors, the minor clerks, the street-car conductors, and almost all other Iraqis with at least a primary-school education. The army officers who carried out the July 14 coup were members of this expanding class. They had severed their ties with their tradition-oriented parents and were stirred by the heady ideas of Arab unity, social equality, political equality with the West, and, above all, opportunity for the individual.

If a villain must be found to explain the Iraqi revolt, it can only be that irresistible process which breaks down the barriers of social inequality and feeds the fires of ambition—education. The villain is neither Communism nor Nasserism.

The Marks of the *Effendi*

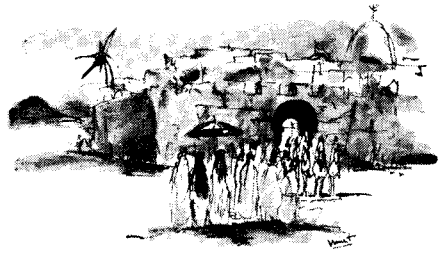
In very general terms, Iraq is a country of limited economic opportunity; for most educated persons there is only the possibility of government employment. The economic potential is largely undeveloped, and although the Nuri régime inaugurated an ambitious and relatively wise program of economic development, it was unable to satisfy the needs of the expanding educated class. Yet today this class represents less than twenty per cent of the total population. In their own eyes, at least, they constitute an elite. In practice, true academic or intellectual attainment means little; the degree, the diploma, the certificate is the all-important key to social rank.

Once the young Iraqi acquires his passport to prestige, he must then acquire the symbols of status. These symbols vary with the amount of education, although the absolute minimum, without which no one may claim the right to the title of *effendi* (educated man) are western dress, a watch, a fountain pen, a radio, and, of course, a newspaper or magazine tucked conspicuously in a jacket pocket.

This minimum is enough for the primary-school graduate, but in the upper reaches, a man must show his modernity and progressiveness by the possession of an automobile, a California ranch-type house, television, a refrigerator, and he must also attend the rare, but socially vital, performances of foreign musicians and art exhibits, even though he may detest western music and art.

These essential props to social status are expensive in terms of Iraq's limited economic development. The higher his educational attainment, the more impossible for an Iraqi to meet the financial demands involved. So he has to take one, two, three, or even four part-time jobs in addition to his regular one.

One Iraqi I know, a government economist, also works as a salesman, a commercial artist, a translator, and a secondary-school teacher. This man, by spreading himself so thin, is approaching the point of complete physical and mental exhaustion. He blames the government for his plight, and the more frustrated he becomes in his attempt to achieve financial solvency, the more embittered he is at a government that refuses to pay its officials a "living wage."



In Nuri's Iraq, widespread corruption permeated all levels of government, from the minister who accepted bribes from landowners for a favorable settlement to schoolteachers who sold powdered milk provided for free distribution to students. The educated class, many of whose members are just as corrupt as those they attack, blamed Nuri for the corruption. But obviously Nuri Pasha could not have been solely responsible for everything wrong in Iraq. He had to meet the problem of a growing educated class in an underdeveloped economy. The new government inherits that same difficulty, which is one that Nasser too must face in Egypt.

Moreover, Nuri was blamed for bringing in foreign experts who took over jobs which "rightfully belonged" to the educated Iraqi and who were earning three and four times the salary Iraqis in similar jobs could make. One Iraqi bitterly resented the fact that his colleague, a foreigner and nominally his assistant, was paid $800 a month while he received only $280. By giving preference to foreigners, Nuri was branded as a tool of the "imperialists."

THE QUESTION of Iraqi oil is one on which most educated Iraqis agree. They believe that since God saw fit to put the oil under Iraqi soil, He meant the Iraqis to profit from it. Moreover, they feel qualified to operate the oilfields and refineries.

The most common nonpolitical reaction to the Iraqi-Jordanian Federation two months ago was opposition to the union because it drained off oil revenues from Iraq, which should have gone to raise government salaries and to build roads, schools, and hospitals. The reluctance of Iraq to share oil revenues with other countries may well decide whether it becomes a full member of the U.A.R., obliged to share its wealth with twenty-eight million Egyptians and Syrians.

One Iraqi I came to know is a primary-school teacher. He has come to believe in, and now fervently spreads, the doctrines of Arab nationalism. He is unshakable in his conviction that the Arabs are one nation, one people; that British and French imperialism denied them

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their rightful heritage after the First World War; that governments such as Nuri's in Iraq, Farouk's in Egypt, Chamoun's in Lebanon, and Hussein's in Jordan were set up and maintained by the imperialists; that imperialism, working through its stooges, Nuri and the former regent and uncle of King Feisal, Prince Abdul Illah, is the true cause of stagnation and repression in Iraq; that the British, in order to continue their domination of Iraq, were constantly plotting to deny economic opportunity to the Iraqi.

This schoolmaster, along with ninety-nine per cent of the educated Iraqis, is convinced that the basic aim of western policy in the Middle East is to steal Arab oil. Such men believe that the implementation of western policy requires that Israel be strengthened at the expense of the Arabs; that the aspirations of the Arabs for unity must be destroyed in order to keep them weak; and that the Arabs should be kept economically backward, poverty-stricken, and oppressed, so that they will never be strong enough to overthrow their masters and drive imperialism out of the Arab world. He believes in the ancient Bedouin proverb "The friend of my enemy is my enemy, and the enemy of my enemy is my friend." It is in these terms that he sees the American landing in Lebanon.

The educated Iraqi needed no Communist inspiration to become a revolutionary nor did he need Nasserist propaganda. Living under a corrupt and oppressive government, he saw revolution as the only solution.

Lebanon:

The Frustrated Civil War

MICHAEL ADAMS

Beirut

I used to know Saeb Salaam's house "in the old days," before the rebellion, and have been courteously entertained there, joining in the kind of racy and provocative political discussion that is the breath of life to the Lebanese. I never thought then that I would return to find the upper floors in disorder, the plaster scattered by machine-gun fire, the chandeliers smashed by bursting shells, the staircase stained with the blood of wounded men; or that I would look out of those windows over the shoulders of sentries and see sandbagged barricades guarding every approach, or peer through a telescope to see the guns of the "enemy" trained on the house from below. "In the old days" Saeb Salaam was a familiar figure about town, always immaculately dressed, with a tarboosh and a scarlet buttonhole that won an automatic salute in salons and on street corners alike.

Saeb Salaam, who is now the chief figure among the rebel leaders in Lebanon, took me into an inner room. He said: "We shall encourage the rioters to go on today and tomorrow and every day, and we will not change our attitude until Chamoun resigns. The time has passed when we would have been content with his promise not to stand for re-election; now we refuse to contemplate anything but his immediate resignation."

Factors in an Equation

Among the other disastrous results of the Suez affair in 1956 was the fact that it made it practically impossible for an Arab state to remain genuinely neutral; and the Eisenhower Doctrine, which was approved by Congress early in 1957, aggravated this difficulty, since it asked the Arab states to declare themselves once and for all as adherents of the western camp. Lebanon was the only one to do so, and the present crisis is the direct result of its decision.

But other factors are present in the equation. Lebanon's independence is only fourteen years old. Before that the country was ruled by the French, under the mandate system, and before that again it was a part of the Turkish empire, though it was specially protected by the great powers because of its predominant Christian population.

Under both systems of government, and in a social environment which had not yet emerged from the feudal state, individual tribal leaders enjoyed great local influence and popularity, which in some cases were hardly affected by the artificial frontiers that were drawn in this part of the world after the First World War, and which in any case made submission to a centralized government unpalatable—especially in a country divided into separate and mutually antagonistic religious communities like Lebanon.

So the difficulty for any Lebanese government of maintaining a balance between the Christian and Moslem worlds is complicated by the fact that no government is possible at all in Lebanon unless it enjoys at least the tolerance of what are in effect powerful feudal chieftains. President Camille Chamoun's mistake was first to embark on a foreign policy (pro-American and anti-Arab nationalist) bound to antagonize the Moslem section of the population, and then to provoke the enmity, not of one or two of these local leaders but of all of them, by so managing the general elections of June, 1957, as to exclude from the chamber of deputies almost every important opposition figure. It was widely believed that he would use this packed parliament to amend the constitution (which limits a president to a single term) and foist himself for another six years, if not for his lifetime, on a country at least half of whose citizens were against everything Chamoun stood for.

The Lebanese government and its supporters have always maintained that the opposition is aiming at the absorption of Lebanon into the U.A.R., and for this reason they brand them as "unpatriotic." And it would be unrealistic to deny that one result of the last three months of chaos may be that Lebanon will lose its identity and be swallowed

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

up in the Arab tide. As one Christian opponent of Chamoun sadly remarked to me, "the longer all this goes on, the more we are all forced to become extremists." But I have talked to almost all the opposition leaders (and there are several prominent Christians among them), and with one voice they have insisted that they have no wish to join the U.A.R. On such an important point it is worth having an outside opinion, and a powerful supporting argument comes from the Christian Maronite Patriarch Paul Meouchi, a realistic and politically sophisticated figure who is the traditional defender of the rights of the Christian community in the Lebanon. He points out (in the sort of terms that matter with the Lebanese) that union with the U.A.R. would be against the personal interests of the opposition leaders, who would find themselves overnight very small fish in a pool bigger than they had ever imagined.

THE opposition leaders, whom it is now proper to call the rebels (although most of them have studiously avoided any overt action against the machinery of the state, and especially against the army), are quite an assorted lot. It is of course an astonishing illustration of the importance of the personal element in the situation, that in more than three months the rebels have not set up any centralized authority of their own, whether civil or military, and that each leader continues to direct operations in his own sector with what seems to be a minimum of liaison with his colleagues. In Beirut, Saeb Salaam is the acknowledged leader and enjoys the support of such men as Abdullah Yaffi and Hussein Oweini (like Salaam himself, both are ex-premiers who were excluded from the chamber at the 1957 elections) and of such prominent Christians as Fuad Ammoun, a candidate for the presidency, and Nessim Majdalany, deputy for a Beirut constituency. Because Beirut contains more than one third of Lebanon's population, Saeb Salaam enjoys a kind of unofficial status as the chief revolutionary spokesman, but it is evident that he exercises no control over the activities of the rebels in other parts of the country.

In Tripoli, as in Beirut and in the southern port of Sidon (the terminal of the oil pipeline from Saudi Arabia), the rebels control a central redoubt, a "casbah," from which they attempt occasional sorties against the government forces, and which the army tries to contain but makes no serious effort to penetrate. Elsewhere in the country, the rebels operate out in the open, based usually in their own villages, often deep in mountainous terrain, where the army leaves them in peace so long as they undertake no offensive action.

A Druze Intellectual

The leader in the Shouf, a rebel-held area southeast of Beirut, is one of the most intriguing figures in this whole strange melodrama. He is the Druze chieftain, Kamal Jumblatt, who like his ancestors since the eighteenth century lives in a splendid palace up in the mountains and commands the loyalties of the villagers (most of them Druzes) in a large rectangle of almost impenetrable territory between the Mediterranean and the southern part of the Bekaa Valley. When you arrive (after a twisting drive of a couple of hours, during which you will have been stopped a score of times by his partisans) you find the whole rambling palace alive with armed men, dressed in every conceivable variety of costume, all in the best of spirits and with absolutely nothing to do but sit and gossip. They are a fierce-looking bunch, and full of bravado, with the fighting reputation of the Druzes behind them. Because of this it is all the more surprising, when you edge your way between them and seek out their leader, to find him a tall, stooping intellectual in a business suit, whose enthusiasms are socialist theory and Indian mysticism and whose vagueness about the present situation it is easy to mistake for positive indifference.

Another personality who must be mentioned before this often tragic and more often ridiculous tableau is complete is General Shehab, commander-in-chief of the Lebanese army, and in almost every way the key figure in the crisis. It is because of his scruples that the army (of about six thousand men) has never been seriously committed against the rebels. It is he alone who could at any point have forced the resignation of President Chamoun. He has always been the only serious candidate to lead a provisional government that could satisfy all but the extremists on both sides.

The general was theoretically right in refusing to take sides in the political struggle, or to throw the army's weight into the balance either for or against President Chamoun—especially since to do so would have involved taking sides either for or against a primarily Moslem revolutionary movement. But the result of his refusal is that the country is more deeply divided than ever while the general himself has been compromised in a way he cannot have expected. It seems as though General Shehab may have saved his honor at his country's expense.

Driven near to despair by the long stalemate between a government which could no longer govern and rebels who lacked strength of purpose to oust it, the Lebanese people had seen every recourse to outside arbitration fail them. They were driven back on themselves as they should have been long since—and would have been but for imprecise promises of aid held out to President Chamoun by the western governments. After looking first to the Arab League for a solution and then to the Security Council, they had been given to understand by the western powers that no sufficient case had been made out to justify western intervention; with a presidential election then scheduled for July 24, all parties were moving slowly but unmistakably toward agreement both on holding the election and on the man to elect, commander-in-chief of the Lebanese Army General Fuad Shehab.

ABRUPTLY at 3 P.M. on July 15, everything was thrown back into the melting pot by the appearance of a handful of ships on the horizon. They arrived at a moment when it looked at last as though Lebanon's crisis was nearing its conclusion. And they came not because the Lebanese situation had changed in any material way but because of events five hundred miles farther east, where an army *coup d'état* had overthrown Nuri es Saïd in Baghdad and proclaimed the Republic of Iraq.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Railroads: From Overlord to Underdog

ROBERT BENDINER

IF NOTHING ELSE proves the undoing of American railroads, they will probably be done to death by statistics. These are already mountain-high, incredibly treacherous, and versatile enough to be used, as they are used, for any and all arguments. By combining the figures skillfully, one can show either that the railroads are a hairsbreadth from insolvency or that, with a few notable exceptions in the Northeast, they are doing at least as well as business generally in the current doldrums.

A special Connecticut commission, finding in June that the New Haven Railroad had assets of $28 million and liabilities of $37 million, not illogically suggested bankruptcy. But such data mean nothing in the curious business of railroading. "Thoroughly ridiculous," said George Alpert, the company's president. "The New Haven is not and will not be bankrupt." Not that bankruptcy makes much difference. Railroads go in and out of receivership without anyone being much affected except the investors.

By the Interstate Commerce Commission's system of accounting, to cite another example of statistical chaos, American railroads are losing something like $700 million a year on passenger traffic. Using an apparently sounder system, transportation experts outside the railroad industry put the loss at a maximum of $100 million, most of it concentrated in a few commuting roads; and one expert, Professor Stanley Berge of Northwestern University, put out a study a few years ago arguing that passenger operations as a whole still showed a profit.

Clearly, a fiscal jungle of this sort is no place for the innocent layman, but fortunately he need not rely exclusively on statistics to appreciate the decline of the railroads since the swashbuckling days of their glory.

'Send Your Man to My Man'

Seventy-five years ago the great railroad moguls were a law unto themselves, with an empire, as Beard points out, equal in size to all of New England and New York, plus a large slice of Pennsylvania, most of it in public lands given out by a remarkably open-handed government. Today they can't abandon a spur from Overshoe to East Overshoe unless a state commission agrees; they can't beat a lower freight rate set by a competing barge line unless the ICC lets them, which it won't; and the Railway Brotherhoods still refuse to let them drop a fireman from a Diesel locomotive, where he is no more needed than a Pullman porter on a cattle car.

As late as the turn of the century, J. P. Morgan had the arrogance to propose to President Theodore Roosevelt that the Attorney General and a Morgan lawyer settle a railroad anti-trust suit without bothering the sovereign principals—"If we have done anything wrong, send your man to my man and they can fix it up." A few weeks ago, by way of contrast, twenty-two railroad presidents gathered in New York's Grand Central Terminal, like a delegation from a teachers' union local, to demonstrate for legislative relief. Hats in hands, they posed before a huge bulletin board on which were pasted 1,071 newspaper editorials pleading for "Action to Modernize Railroad Regulation!" To imagine such old-time moguls as Edward Harriman and James J. Hill, not to mention cutthroats like Jim Fisk and Jay Gould, in such a position is to envision Blackbeard, Lafitte, and Long John Silver on a picket line.

Where Fisk, Gould, and "Uncle Dan'l" Drew once forged stock certificates, fought off the police with shotguns, and led their Erie Railroaders in pitched battles with the crews of the Albany & Susquehanna, we recently had the spectacle of a railroad president resigning under a mere verbal barrage from commuters. When the suburbanites objected to a parking fee at New Haven stations, then President Patrick McGinnis first stood his ground. "Because I want to charge a lousy five bucks," he complained, "people act as though I've torn up the tracks." But as service deteriorated and criticism got rougher, he gave up and retired, remarking wistfully that "nothing justified the unprincipled and unbridled venom from some quarters, directed against me as an individual."

NOWHERE is this sense of shrunken power more evident than in politics. For half a century Congress and the state legislatures alike were crowded with railroad lawyers—Lincoln himself represented the Illinois Central at Springfield—and the largess with which the public lands were parceled out to the roads was regularly rewarded by securities to accommodating politicians. Even when La Follette the Elder came to Washington in 1906, he found the rail lobby so potent that only three Republican senators dared to vote for the elementary proposal that judges be forbidden to try cases affecting roads in which they held securities.

Today one is hard put to it to name three members of that same chamber who would risk more than a casual speech for the railroads. Bricker of Ohio alone is regarded as a railroad senator in the real sense, his law firm being counsel to the Pennsylvania. Only two others are even considered especially friendly. One is Lausche, likewise of Ohio, who once served as counsel to Robert Young's Railway Progress Association, and the other is Schoeppel of Kansas. They are not among the giants of the Senate.

While it has been unwise these past fifty years for a politician to link his fortune to the railroads, which are still popularly regarded as the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

very symbol of the wicked trust, rival modes of transportation have done extremely well for themselves in the legislative lobbies. In part their success has been the price paid by today's railroaders for the sins of their fathers, but the truckers' success is not exactly a study in the triumph of virtue. It is rather a measure of the extent to which political power has come to move with numbers instead of dollars.

New Times, New Lobbies

Repeatedly in my probings I heard congressional comments like these: "In every community in my district there is some little trucker doing business, coming in daily contact with other local people, whereas the train goes right through the town and may not even stop there." "We have truckers everywhere, and they've sold farmers on the idea that trucks are the only thing that keeps railroad rates down." And "Truckers are just people who come around to their congressmen with comparatively little matters, while railroads want institutional changes; they want to own you body and soul."

Potent as these considerations may be, the trucking business is not one to leave its legislative welfare solely to haphazard pressures. Few congressmen can be unaware of the huge pyramided structure known as the American Trucking Associations, Inc., a federation of eleven conferences and fifty state associations, including one for the District of Columbia and an extra one for the state of Illinois.

Guy Rutland, Jr., A.T.A.'s president, estimates the number of companies belonging to one or another of these groups at thirty to forty thousand, with more than a million trucks and tractor-trailers at their command (counting only those subject to ICC regulation) along with their crews, dispatchers, maintenance men, clerical help, and executive staffs. Contrast this with the plummeting employment figures for the railroads, which in April of this year hit 828,819. That is the lowest since the ICC started keeping reports on the subject in 1921 and believed to be the lowest in this century, which saw an employment peak of 1,857,674 in 1923. For the past five years, railroad men have been losing their jobs at the rate of 5,800 a month, leaving today's employment roll at about forty-four per cent of what it was thirty-five years ago.

CLOSELY IDENTIFIED with the trucking power, at least in its competitive struggle with the railroads, are the influential farm organizations—it was largely the National Grange that forced creation of the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1887—and the Teamsters' Union. No one who has observed how effectively the farm bloc undermined Mr. Benson will belittle its value as an ally on Capitol Hill. It is not a coincidence that delegations from agrarian states are essentially "trucker-minded," including the powerful one from Texas, or that Warren Magnuson, who heads the Senate Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, should be considered the truckers' chief advocate on the Hill in view of the large role played by the Teamsters in Washington State politics. The recent embarrassment of the Teamsters and the threat of railroad bankruptcies in the Northwest, however, combined to modify Magnuson's position to the point of permitting this year's hearings, which were friendlier than any the railroads have enjoyed in decades.

Generally allied with the regulated truckers in keeping green the memory of ancient railroad sins is the lobby of the inland-waterway operators. A small branch of the transportation industry, the barge people carry weight with lawmakers for reasons other than numerical or financial strength. Of the seventeen hundred or so carriers now hauling on the rivers and canals, only three or four have gross revenues as high as $20 million, though the movement of freight by water, mostly low-grade bulk commodities like cement and coal, has boomed since the war. Like the truckers, the water carriers benefit from other forces whose interests they happen to serve.

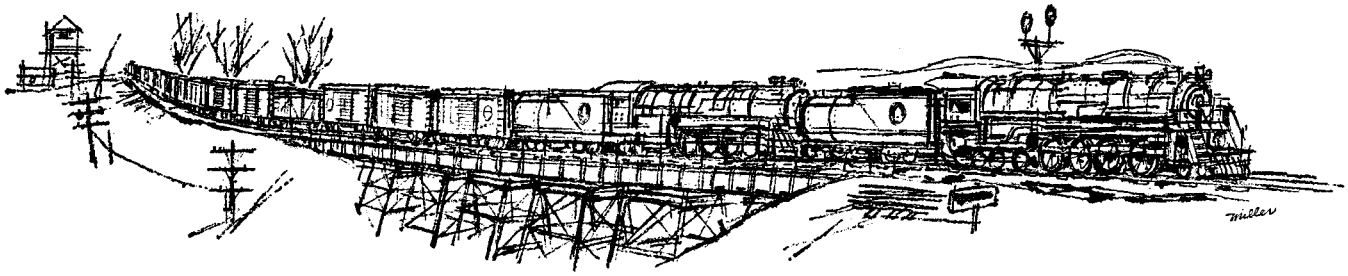
Everyone within a hundred miles of a navigable stream favors its maximum commercial use, it was pointed out to me by a staff official of the Senate committee. Businesses, large and small, keep up a drumfire of pressure on Congress for free waterways serviced by government, and in this they are aided by the Army Corps of Engineers. Army men do the dredging and maintenance of rivers and harbors as functions of flood control and national defense, but they are also, and not so incidentally, interested in promoting jobs for the Corps, keeping their men in practice, and obtaining healthy appropriations. In fact, however, congressmen need little encouragement to pass rivers-and-harbors bills, which are generally picked right out of the pork barrel.

To the average congressman, what can the railroads show to compare with the voting power of the truckers and their allies? To compare with the politically attractive public works involved in aiding the barge lines? With the vitality of the airlines, or the constant demand for newer and bigger highways by a public as devoted to its automobiles as a desert tribe to its camels?

AGAINST these massive forces the railroads have opposed, until very recently, only archaic, discredited, and usually ineffective forms of pressure. Far from putting their case to the public, they relied on manipulative tactics, mostly in state legislatures. They created artificial fronts and used some real ones—taxpayers' groups, safety councils, and the like—to fight their battles against the trucks. In the recent Smathers hearings truck officials gleefully quoted from Judge Clary's denunciation of railroad pressure techniques in the famous truckers' suit against the Eastern Railroad Presidents' Conference and public-relations man Carl Byoir.

That fiasco—and possibly the glaring fact that in spite of these deep stratagems the truckers share of the nation's freight carriage has gone up from nine per cent in 1947 to nineteen per cent in 1957—appears to have induced a simpler and more forthright approach by the railroads. In contrast with previous hearings, more than twenty presidents appeared before the Smathers subcommittee and testified with considerable persuasiveness. What's more, Congress has been flooded with one of the heaviest waves of mail it has had on any issue in years. An estimated 200,000 letters, postcards, and telegrams, overwhelmingly sympathetic to the railroads, have poured

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



in on the Senate. The *Wall Street Journal* reports that much of this mail is clearly organization-inspired, but enough of it seems spontaneous to be impressive.

The Railroads' Bill of Complaints

The railroads appear at the very least to have gotten across the point that they are in varying degrees of financial trouble, some of it extremely serious, and that they are operating under handicaps which have gradually reduced them from ruthless giants to rather plaintive underdogs, to wit:

Subsidized Competition. Public funds provide airlines with airports, control systems, and navigational aids; dredge and maintain waterways for the barge companies; and build highways for the truckers, all of whom pay hardly more than token fees for the invaluable services they get. On the other hand, the railroads not only have to build and maintain their rights of way but must also pay property and franchise taxes estimated at $435 million a year to the states and communities they serve. Federal funds and Port Authority bonds built New York's tax-free airports, while just the tax bill on New York's Grand Central Terminal and its approaches in 1956 cost the New Haven and the Central some $11,500,000. The largest single taxpayer in the state of New Jersey is the Pennsylvania Railroad, which pays out more in taxes to that state than it picks up in revenues.

The Rate Squeeze. Railroad men pose the alternative before them as a choice between higher rates designed to keep ahead of rising costs and attract fresh financing, and lower rates designed to beat the price of competitive transportation. But the ICC, they argue, blocks them both ways. The commission long ago, and rightly, put a stop to the railroad practice of charging whatever the traffic would bear, and it is slow in raising ceilings. At the same time, the Interstate Commerce Act, aimed at the evils of fifty years ago, when railroads murderously underpriced water carriers at a temporary loss in order to put them out of business, has until now forbidden the *lowering* of rates without due consideration of the effect on other modes of transportation. For example, when a railroad recently proposed reducing its rate for carrying tin plate between two Southern cities to thirty-six cents a hundredweight, which it could do at a good profit, the commission insisted on forty cents as a figure "competitively fair" to the trucks and barges, which soon cornered the traffic.

Tramps and Gypsies. What compounds the problem for the railroads is that by far the greater part of highway and inland water traffic is free of regulation altogether. As the Senate subcommittee found, exempt truckers have been causing an "erosion of huge volumes of traffic" that would otherwise be handled by the common carriers. Much of this is legitimate private carriage, of course, about which there is no dispute. A coal company is entitled to operate its own barges and a manufacturer to keep his own fleet of trucks. But weaknesses in the law have crowded the highways with an estimated 48,000 "tramps," "gypsies," and other casual haulers who, without scheduled routes to adhere to, payrolls to meet, terminals to maintain, or unions to deal with, seriously undercut the rates of the regulars and report to no one.

What gave these itinerants their start was a provision of the act which exempted from regulations the trucking of certain products. The purpose was to help farmers and fishermen by facilitating the movement of livestock, fish, and agricultural commodities from farm to market, usually not more than fifty miles. Bit by bit, this branch of transportation became a separate and flourishing business, however, with processed foods like frozen fruits and vegetables, dressed poultry, and powdered milk added to the list of exempt commodities. The hauls, moreover, stretched into trips as long as from Richmond to New York. What is worse, in order to make the return trip pay, these carriers frequently go through the motions of "buying" a cargo, which they "sell" immediately on arrival. Though actually serving as common carriers, they evade the regulations—and the transportation tax—by masquerading as private vehicles carrying their owners' property. Such devices, I was told by an official of the Regular Common Carrier Conference, "cut the railroads out of literally hundreds of millions of dollars every year."

Useless Properties. When rail was still the best way to carry even small amounts of freight for short distances, not to mention the more profitable long haul, and when travelers had hardly any alternative to the train, a close network of lines, stations, and yards sprouted up in every settled part of the country. Today, trucks and the ubiquitous automobile have turned many of these facilities into expensive relics which the railroads are nevertheless obliged to maintain. Some thirty per cent of the nation's track now handles only two per cent of the country's rail traffic, and it is no easy matter for a line to prune its decayed branches. The Milwaukee Road has been trying for twenty-six years to get the permission of a state Public Service Commission to discontinue a train carrying twenty-three miners a distance of six miles, even offering to substitute a bus, which it could do for $18,000 less a year.

In the farm states of the Midwest one sees stations ten miles apart, built when that was the distance a farmer could take a wagonload of

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

produce to the station and get back the same day. Now all but useless, these facilities go on draining the railroads in property taxes and in wages for stationmasters and telegraphers. The Southern Pacific has just succeeded in dropping a train which, it claims, cost $1,500 a day to operate and brought in only twelve dollars a day in revenue. A few branches of the hard-pressed "Katy" line are so little used that the railroad claims it would save money by transporting the passengers to the main line by taxi.

To get rid of a costly and useless branch, a railroad has to contend with state regulatory bodies, which are generally hostile to the idea. Beyond the normal unwillingness of bureaucrats to lose any of their jurisdiction, these state commissions are affected by pressures from business, labor, and local governments. Chambers of Commerce, as a matter of pride if nothing else, resent the abandonment of rail service as a blow to the prestige of their communities.

The Railway Brotherhoods, addicted to featherbedding, have a more obvious and concrete reason for objecting. Ben Heinemann, president of the Chicago and North Western, tells of the agent in a station abandoned by passengers, but not by the railroad, who until recently drew down full pay for fifty-nine minutes' work a week. As for local officials, many of them cling ardently to a useless railroad branch solely because it is a taxpayer and a good one. In some counties of the West, I was told by Burton K. Wheeler, who for years headed the Senate's Interstate Commerce Committee, railroad abandonment would bankrupt the county treasury. And beyond all these considerations, railroad men will tell you, regulatory agencies are inclined to look upon trains as "foul-weather friends," a stand-by service for use when plane and car travel are hazardous or when a war emergency creates a sudden and vastly stepped-up demand.

Downgrade All the Way

These are the most general items in the railroaders' book of woes, but there are others—notably the red tape, state and Federal, that all but strangles their every act, and the forced burden of running commuter services, which incur staggering losses and should no more be the responsibility of private businesses than firefighting or the removal of garbage. "In all of my 42 years with the railroad industry, through depressions and two World Wars," the subcommittee was told by James M. Symes, president of the Pennsylvania, "I have never seen the outlook for the rail lines so alarming as it is now."

Whether or not Mr. Symes was laying it on a bit thick, no one who has ridden the trains of the Northeast this past decade can doubt that the fastest thing about the system is its deterioration. Not long ago, unable to get a plane seat in a hurry, I decided to take one of Mr. Symes's trains from Washington to New York.

The advance section of the Congressional Limited sounded good, but turned out, as so many train rides do, to be a nightmare. My car, about a quarter mile's walk down the platform, was old, grimy, and uncomfortable. The diner I had been promised turned out to be a dingy grill car, jammed to capacity and ministered by three harassed attendants in soiled jackets. The seat I finally obtained gave me a direct view of an open trash can, which I had fifty minutes to contemplate before being served. The menu, sparse enough to begin with, was lush compared with what was actually available, and I settled desperately for a ham sandwich, coffee, and pie. The service was sloppy and truculent, the food comparable to that of a roadside stand, and the price was $1.40, not counting tip. I thought wistfully of the cleanliness, speed, comfort, and free meals of air travel as I changed at New York to the creaking coach of the Long Island, a subsidiary of the Pennsylvania that might have been considered tolerable forty years ago in Bulgaria.

Such incidents can doubtless be recounted by the scores of thousands. Schedules that were once proudly maintained to the minute are now hardly more than approximations. When a Massachusetts congressman recently stepped off a train that arrived in Boston two and a half hours late, he irately accused the New Haven of a "public be damned" policy and threatened an investigation, but like millions of others he appeared to forget it and simply took to the air and the highway. Whether this process is an effect of the shrinkage in service or the cause of it, or both, the fact itself is massive and incontrovertible.

THE BIG DEVIL in the passenger picture is the private automobile, which for the space it takes up to accommodate its load is the least efficient form of carriage outside the Tunnel of Love. Yet in our hodgepodge system of transportation, the private car today carries between 89 and 91 per cent of *all* intercity passenger traffic. Of the common carrier traffic (that is, about 10 per cent of the total) trains now carry 34.5 per cent; airplanes, 40 per cent, and busses, 25 per cent. The significant fact, though, is that only twenty years ago the railroads enjoyed 71 per cent of this commercial market, the busses 27, and planes the remaining two. It would appear that what the railroads have lost the airlines have picked up, but the truth is that the percentage for *all* common carriers continues to shrink in comparison with the private car. I was told by a high official of the ICC that for every passenger the trains lose to the airplane, they lose fourteen to the automobile. In absolute numbers the loss by the railroads is staggering. According to Robert Bedingfield, the New York *Times* railroad expert, coach passengers dropped from 408 million to 165 million in the decade from 1946 to 1956; sleeping-car passengers, from 43 million to 16 million; and even rail commuters, in spite of the rush to the suburbs, from 340 million to 247 million.

Since railroads make most of their money on freight, these losses might not be intolerable except for the lines that carry heavy commuter loads, but in freight as well as passenger carriage the trains have been steadily losing ground. In 1929, 74.9 per cent of the country's freight moved by rail. At the end of the war, in 1946, trains still carried 66.6 per cent of the load, but by 1951 their share had slipped to 55.6, and last year it was down to 47, with trucks up to 19 per cent and pipelines all but replacing the oil tank car. Inland waterways now enjoy some 17

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

per cent of the traffic and expect to gain considerably more from the St. Lawrence Seaway.

Senator Smathers' Palliative

Viewed against the vast irrationalities of the transportation system as a whole, the Smathers bill seems hardly more than a tinkering with the problem. If passed by the House and signed by the President, it will direct the ICC not to deny railroads the right to lower a rate merely "to protect the traffic of any other mode of transportation." A hedging clause, however, adds the proviso "giving due consideration to the objectives of the national transportation policy," which is to "preserve the inherent advantages of each" mode. The bill authorizes government guarantees of private loans to the railroads up to $700 million, a move that the Senate committee itself described as no more than "a palliative to meet the short-range" fiscal needs of a few major roads. It subjects the motor transport of frozen foods to regulation, clarifies the law affecting pseudo-private carriers, and gives the ICC more, but not much more, authority to sanction the abandonment of unprofitable rail facilities. Senator Russell of Georgia, pressed by state commissioners, blocked a stronger provision on this score in the name of states' rights.

To rationalize the country's haphazard transportation system will clearly take more than legislation of such limited scope. That the railroad men have secured nothing more substantial after years of effort is a measure not only of their present low estate but of their failure, speaking generally, to think in national terms or even to agree on anything broader than getting the ICC off their backs and opposing subsidies to their competitors.

The truth is, the country hardly has a railroad industry as such, but rather 131 First Class railroads, each with its own problems and proposed solutions, most of them of the strictly short-term variety. Northeastern roads, up against high maintenance costs for numerous yards and terminals, a static population, short hauls, and heavy truck competition, are in financial hot water. Southern and Western roads, operating in expanding economies and with longer hauls,

are relatively well off but show increasing signs of trouble ahead. There is little to compare between the New Haven, with its commuter curse, and the so-called Pocahontas lines which happily carry coal instead of passengers, or the Union Pacific, which thrives on long-haul freight. The result is that you can find railroad presidents who want government financial help and many more who cry "socialism" at the thought; some who would turn commuter lines over to a public authority and others who think even people can be made to yield a profit if government keeps its hands off. Big lines want more competitive ratemaking, while marginal lines fear it would put them out of business. The Southern Pacific and the Pennsylvania successfully co-ordinate services with those of the trucks, in joint-rate piggyback operations, but the New York Central, like virtually all other lines, stiffly rejects this "marriage of conveyance" as aid to the enemy.

Planned Transportation

Perhaps the greatest difference—and it is the chief source of the railroads' weakness—is on the question of consolidation. As a witness before the Smathers subcommittee cogently put it, "The great scramble of building by the railroad barons around the turn of the century left tens of thousands of miles of excess trackage. Practically all of this excess remains today under conditions when land values have increased, taxes have risen, and costs of maintenance of right-of-way have been multiplied." Certainly, as he pointed out, it makes no sense to have six roads competing directly between Chicago and Omaha, and two others by more circuitous routes.

In 1920, 1929, and 1933, Federal agencies launched plans to encourage reasonable consolidation, all with an eye to combining competition with efficiency and all coming to nothing. Individual railroad presidents have pressed for it, notably Alfred Perlman of the New York Central and John W. Barriger of the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie line. "A logical grouping of railway lines within each of the several regions of the United States," Perlman has said, "would provide systems with as great a capacity for technological development as our most successful industries possess." Barriger, going further, thinks consolidation absolutely "essential for the survival" of the private railway, with all of the country's 220,000 miles of track divided among no more than twenty lines.

While a number of mergers are being talked about, including a doubtful marriage between the Pennsylvania and the New York Central, very few ever get as far as the commission. The inertia of a tired industry has been added to the traditional forces opposed to consolidation—labor, for obvious reasons, and management, often enough for the same reasons. There are only so many offices to spread around in a

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

merged organization, and as Dan Willard of the B.&O. put it, "No one likes to consolidate himself out of a job."

The railroads' heritage of popular distrust, the hardening of their institutional arteries since the days when owners were entrepeneurs instead of custodians, their competitive handicaps in taxation and subsidy—all these, plus the speed of passenger planes, the flexibility of trucks, and the hard fact of seventy million automobiles, have seemingly made it impossible for them either to serve the country as they should or to reorganize themselves along more rational lines. To escape government ownership, which they fearfully expect unless something is done, their best hope would seem to lie in a massive government-industry effort to revise the entire transportation pattern.

Sooner or later the country will demand a system adapted to its needs. When it comes, most transportation authorities believe, it will look considerably different from the present haphazard arrangement. Railroads will specialize in long-haul freight, which they can handle most efficiently, and in high-volume passenger traffic for distances too short to warrant air flights but too densely traveled to be left to the private auto. Trucks will serve for the short hauling of light freight loads, as feeders between rail lines, and in joint piggyback operations. Planes will take over the bulk of long-distance passenger carriage—who travels across the country by train any more?—and waterways will continue to handle bulk commodities for which time is less a consideration than cost. Commuter traffic will be where it should long since have been: under state and local governments.

The Smathers subcommittee has in fact recommended a study looking vaguely toward such a new order, but if the seriousness of the effort can be gauged by the appropriation, not much will come of it. For $100,000 you can't buy a single lightweight railway coach, much less a new transportation system. Yet until Congress, the ICC, and the industry itself lift their sights, little good can come of wailing about the "plight of the railroads."

The Navy Takes Up Russia's Undersea Challenge

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

The oceans cover seventy per cent of the earth to an average depth of two and a half miles. But until now only a thin top layer of water, say five hundred feet deep, has been much used in submarine warfare. In the sea as in the air, man and his diverse engines have been tied close to the earth's surface by the need for oxygen—for fuel as well as for breathing. Steam, Diesel, and gasoline engines all need a constant supply of air.

But with the development of rocket engines and nuclear power —neither of them dependent on oxygen—both outer space and oceanic depths are being opened up for man to explore and, of course, to fight in. Most of the hard, expensive work being done in military technology today is dedicated to this enlargement of the battlefield, and it seems probable that hostilities will take men downward into the seas sooner than upward into empty space.

Today the Soviet Union has between 500 and 525 submarines—the greatest undersea fleet in military history. Of these, about 125 are long-range, high-performance boats capable of operating for long periods anywhere in the world. About 125 more are medium-range and could work in the seas around Britain and France or in the Mediterranean—where, according to the Soviet navy publication *Sovetsky Flot,* the Syrian port of Latakia has been "completely re-equipped." The others are coastal types, mainly defensive but not without military value.

To grasp the dimensions of this undersea threat, we need only recall that Nazi Germany began the Second World War with just fifty-eight operational submarines. It never had more than 460 in service at any time. Yet the U-boats sank 13,750,000 tons of merchant shipping and 175 Allied warships, and nearly won the war. Numerically, the Russians of 1958 are nine hundred per cent ahead of the Germans of 1939. Qualitatively, their 125 long-range boats are better than any the Germans ever used in combat.

The Soviet undersea menace is even greater than these arithmetical comparisons suggest, because the missile can now be added to the armory of the submarine. With mines and torpedoes, Russian subs can menace our seaborne commerce. With missiles, they can threaten destruction of our coastal cities and industrial complexes. We do not have positive knowledge that the Soviet fleet includes missile-launching submarines. But Khrushchev plainly implies that it does—probably of 200- or 300-mile range, with nuclear warheads. Certainly the Soviet Union has the ability to design and build them in the fairly near future.

Not Since 1812 . . .

The United States is highly vulnerable on both counts. We rely more than ever before on seaborne imports of strategic materials. Since 1952, we have become a net importer of raw materials. Nowadays, a merchant ship enters or leaves some American seaport every nine minutes. In war we would have to depend at least as much as ever before on seaborne shipment of supplies to our forces abroad and our allies.

Without secure command of the seas we could not support our overseas bases. And unless we can support our allies with troops and munitions our entire structure of alliances will become a mockery. Sea power is the cement especially of the NATO alliance, and although the Soviet Union has not made a bid for command of the seas, it has developed its huge submarine fleet to deny us that command.

As for missile attacks on our coastal areas, it is well to remember that the United States is an urban nation. More than half of the seventy-odd

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

million people in our largest metropolitan areas live within a hundred miles of our seacoasts. Since the war of 1812, when the British set fire to the White House, this is the first time any foreign navy has threatened direct damage to the home territory of the United States.

According to the best information available to U.S. naval experts, the Soviet Union probably does not yet have a nuclear-powered submarine. But it certainly will have soon, and this will magnify the danger still further.

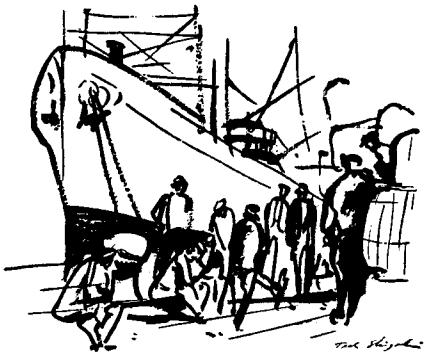
The New Challenge

Traditionally, the submarine has been a commerce-raiding weapon and little else. Submarines have been used with conspicuous success on a large scale only three times—by Germany against Allied shipping, in two world wars, and by the United States against Japan during the Second World War. Undersea craft have been effective only against nations heavily dependent on sea transport. The Soviet Union, a continental power and largely self-contained, does not rely much on seaborne traffic. While the submarine was only a commerce destroyer, therefore, we had little need for submarines vis-à-vis Russia. But this situation has changed.

Just after the Second World War, recognizing our own vulnerability and also the ambitious effort of the Soviet Union to create a giant undersea arm, the U.S. Navy set to work to develop its capabilities for anti-submarine warfare (ASW). In this task it was somewhat handicaped because the top commands in the naval hierarchy in the late 1940's went mostly to the carrier admirals who had won the great dramatic battles of the Pacific war. Those who fought the cold, relentless, heartbreaking, and little-publicized war of the Atlantic—the ASW war—were often in quiet pigeonholes. Nevertheless, the Navy has turned up an impressive ASW armory, built around steadily better means of *detection,* mainly sonar (underwater acoustics) and radar, and new means of *attack,* such as the homing torpedo and the atomic depth charge.

Detection isn't easy. Sea water varies in temperature from place to place and level to level, and the resulting thermal gradients greatly disturb underwater sound. Variations in the salt content of water have similar effects. Radar, for search as for other uses, has improved stupendously. But it is still true that looking for a snorkeling submarine is just about the same as looking around somewhere in the Atlantic for a black silk hat floating in the trough of a wave.

THE NAVY now has many weapons for ASW search. One is the helicopter, usually based on a small carrier and equipped with dip sonar, a type of listening gear that can be lowered into the water at slow speeds. Another valuable weapon is the blimp. Typically this is an envelope 350 feet long and a hundred feet in diameter, containing



a million cubic feet of helium (noninflammable, reusable), and carrying in its aluminum cabin a crew of fifteen and a small world of radar and sonar equipment. The blimp is extremely vulnerable to faster craft of greater firepower, but near our own coasts this matters little. Furthermore, in searching for submarines, endurance is far more important than speed, and here the blimp has a great advantage.

The Navy also has various long-range patrol bombers, land and sea planes, and special carrier-based aircraft, all equipped for ASW search. Then of course there are innumerable surface ships, from fifty-foot patrol craft to heavy cruisers, furnished with detection gear. Fully ninety per cent of all the ships of the fleet have some ASW capability.

For tomorrow's search job, the Navy is beginning to speed up development of a nuclear-powered seaplane, after leaving nuclear aircraft work to the Air Force until recently. An atom-propelled plane would have many uses, but it would have a singular fitness for ASW search because of its limitless range and endurance. The best guess now is that the Navy may be able to develop a nuclear seaplane by 1964. (It is probable, however, that the Soviet Union will have a nuclear-powered aircraft of some sort before either the U.S. Navy or Air Force gets one.)

For search *and* attack, the fleet has its diversity of surface combat ships, including aircraft carriers especially fitted out for ASW work, carrying helicopters for search and fighter planes with atomic depth charges. These weapons have been brought together in Task Group Alpha, which paid a visit to New York a few weeks ago. Besides a carrier (currently the *Valley Forge)* it includes eight destroyers and two submarines. Task Group Alpha is a modern version of the hunter-killer task group that made things rough for the U-boats late in the Second World War.

For *attack* on enemy submarines, there are yet other weapons—our surface mine layers and mine-laying submarines, for example. Four newly developed mines are reported (without details) to be far in advance of any previous types. There is the rocket-assisted homing torpedo (RAT). And there is a new weapon now entering the "design and production" stage to be called Subroc (submarine rocket), sometimes known as the torpedo with a Ph.D. Fired from a regular torpedo tube by a submarine, it will swim to the surface, take off into the air as a missile, soar forty or fifty miles to the point where the hostile sub is supposed to be, and then plunge back into the sea to submarine operating depth. Then it will listen for its prey on its own sonar, close the target, and blast it to bits with a thermonuclear charge. Like the Navy's 1,500-mile ballistic missile Polaris, which will be operational in 1960, Subroc is a missile of immense sophistication. But unlike Polaris, Subroc is a homing torpedo (with some missile traits), tailored for moving, tactical targets—and above all for enemy submarines. Subroc is especially promising because almost any

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of our 225 submarines will be able to fire it.

Yet another category of ASW weapons includes our carrier attack forces and our missile-launching submarines and surface ships. These have other missions than ASW, to be sure, but they can strike at an enemy's submarine bases on his own shores—the best place of all to deal with a hostile undersea fleet.

The Mathematics of Search

This sketch of our ASW armory hardly does justice to the numbers, the diversity, and the performance of the weapons developed in recent years. They add up to an impressive foil for the Russian undersea fleet. Yet in talking with many naval officers, I have found that nobody who is close to the ASW business is at all happy about our readiness to meet the Soviet challenge. Some of them, for example Admiral Felix Stump and Rear Admiral Hyman G. Rickover, have spoken quite frankly for the public record of their concern with the shortcomings of our anti-submarine capabilities. And in a recent magazine article, Vice-Admiral C. B. Momsen, former Assistant Chief of Naval Operations, Undersea Warfare, said "ASW has made very little progress since the days of World War II. Against a submarine as modern as the *Skipjack*, it would be practically worthless."

In a sense, it is a purely mathematical problem. Until quite recently, all anti-submarine tactics were based on one simple, trustworthy premise: that an enemy submarine—submerged and therefore running on electric batteries—could not go down very deep and could travel at full power only for minutes, or at low speed only for a few hours, before it was obliged to surface and recharge batteries. These limitations of the air-breathing Diesel submarine defined a circular area in which the enemy sub was bound to surface, following a contact. One can think of this search area as perhaps twenty miles in diameter, or three hundred square miles. But when the underwater speed of a submarine is increased, the area to be searched increases roughly as the *square* of the speed.

That was bad enough at the end of the Second World War, when faster Diesel submarines came into service. But now comes the nuclear submarine, which means an abrupt increase in underwater speed—say 250 to 300 per cent. It also means almost unlimited endurance—up to two years under average operating conditions. And it will mean much greater operating depths as hull structures are developed for greater sea pressures. (Stronger hulls will also give greater protection against depth charges.) Following the rule of thumb that ASW men customarily use, this combination of greater speed, greater endurance, and greater operating depth means that the space to be searched following a contact increases with the *cube* of the speed. And there is no assurance that a nuclear submarine will surface at all until it gets back to its base—say in the Barents Sea a month later. You just can't draw a circle defining the new search problem, corresponding to the old twenty-mile circle, because the new circle may stretch to the limits of an ocean.

The Killer Submarine

There is a bright side to our ASW problems, but it is dependent mainly on future developments. It includes Subroc, already mentioned, and the Polaris and Regulus missiles for employment against enemy submarines at their bases. Most interesting of all, in the judgment of some submariners is the nuclear killer submarine—the projected "anti-submarine submarine." And in this realm of naval weaponry, the United States unquestionably has a lead of several years over the Soviet Union—a lead we badly need. With its unlimited range, it will be able to operate close along the enemy's coasts, no matter how far from home. The killer submarine therefore is our means of carrying the ASW battle into forward areas.

The first authentic nuclear killer submarine, SS(N) 597, named the *Tullibee* after a species of whitefish, is now building at Groton, Connecticut. It will be relatively small—2,500 tons. It will have torpedoes for attack and a great mass of listening equipment for detection. Designed to operate alone and chiefly in enemy waters, it will embody the qualities of endurance and stealth and will be used specifically to stalk and destroy enemy submarines. This could become the greatest of our many anti-submarine weapons. *Tullibee* is not expected in the fleet until 1961.

Meantime, we have twenty-three other nuclear submarines, built or building. All of them have an anti-submarine capability. This is especially true of *Skipjack*, launched in May and slated to join the fleet in December. Six more of the *Skipjack* class are building. These are attack submarines, intended for general offensive action rather than for specialized anti-submarine work, but they will be well equipped for the ASW job. Also, there is the *Skate*, an all-purpose nuclear submarine suited to ASW duty. And three more *Skates* will join the fleet this year or next. Beyond this, scores of our Diesel-electric submarines also have ASW uses, with sonar for detection and torpedoes for attack—and in some cases missiles for striking at enemy submarine bases.

As it is taking form, the total anti-submarine effort can best be visualized as a defense in four geographic belts. Close in, just off our own shores, we have blimps, patrol planes, and surface patrol craft, mainly to guard against enemy submarines firing missiles at our cities. On the major sea lanes of the open oceans and the Mediterranean we have hunter-killer task groups, built around carriers with their helicopters and ASW fighter planes. Closer in to the enemy's shores, we have our killer submarines and attack submarines. And even beyond this, reaching out to destroy the enemy's submarine bases, we shall have our missile-launching submarines and our carrier striking forces.

Is ALL this enough? No one knows. A staggering total of money, materials, technical brains, and combat experience has been poured into America's anti-submarine warfare program. The mood of Congress, as the Pentagon's big supply bill left the House of Representatives, was to be generous where ASW items were concerned. But the magnitude of the challenge continues to grow in geometrical progression. Besides, there just isn't any way to know whether some tools of war will work until they are tried in war.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reuther's Undefeated Union Vs. an Unprecedented Alliance

EVERETT MARTIN

None of the large unions established by the CIO in the 1930's has lived through the bitter experience of defeat. There have been lost strikes, and some smaller locals have lost their bargaining status. But the new unions have won substantial gains for their members with every major contract they have signed. They have continuously enlarged the area of collective bargaining, sometimes through protracted strikes, forcing employers to concede shift differentials, vacations with pay, pensions, health and welfare benefits, and, most recently, supplementary unemployment benefits (S.U.B.).

In this uninterrupted climb onward and upward, the United Auto Workers, especially since Walter Reuther became its president in 1946, has been the leader. On the basis of practical results, Reuther has earned a reputation as one of the country's most successful labor leaders, and his organization is justifiably considered one of its most progressive unions.

Now Reuther and the UAW face a serious crisis. A powerful industry, united as never before, is arrayed against them. The union has had to give up its treasured principle of "No contract, no work," and the bulk of its membership is employed without the protection of a labor agreement. To begin the offensive with a strike would be by Reuther's open acknowledgments a quixotic and fruitless undertaking.

Yet confident though it is of its superior position in this year's bargaining equation, the auto industry entertains no hope of seriously weakening, let alone destroying, the UAW. Nor does it hope to be able to employ labor at cheaper rates. On the contrary, under the leadership of General Motors the industry offered to extend the contract negotiated in 1955 for another two years. This was the contract which the UAW had with good reason hailed as the best it had ever won, both in its economic and noneconomic provisions. It contained productivity and cost-of-living wage-adjustment clauses which, if continued over the next two years as the industry proposes, would provide a sixteen-cents-an-hour wage increase.

In view of some of the settlements that unions this year have been forced to accept because of the recession, the G.M. offer (which the UAW immediately spurned) seems hardly, as one militant local union official characterized it, "a poke in the eye with a sharp stick." But it is exactly the set of values behind such an evaluation that has brought the UAW to its present crisis.

For both Reuther's and the UAW's prestige are surely at stake in the present labor impasse in Detroit. So habitual have dramatic bargaining successes become, so commonplace are bold innovations in collective bargaining, that to hold the line during the auto industry's travail in depression, or to settle in such a period for relatively modest advances which another union might consider itself lucky to get, spells, in UAW terms, only dismal defeat.

Recessional Rethinking

The UAW's plight results from what is—so far at least—a serious miscalculation. Owing to the terms of the old contract, Reuther has been away from the bargaining table for three years. The 1955 agreement strengthened the union's position in the auto plants, provided very substantial wage hikes, and made an important breakthrough toward the union goal of a guaranteed annual wage. And all this was won without a major strike.

A confirmed innovator, Reuther announced shortly after the 1955 contract became operative that in the next bargaining round the union would dig in for a shorter work week at higher weekly pay. By the fall of 1957, however, the recession had hit the auto industry hard and by February the union was insisting its members be employed forty hours a week or not at all, so that they could draw their full unemployment compensation.

The tactical abandonment of the shorter work week demand before contract talks actually opened was covered by the startling proposal for profit sharing. This marked the UAW's clear recognition of recession realities. So far, the union was calculating shrewdly. Profit sharing—perhaps not in the exact form the union proposed but in some negotiated modification similar to that in which the guaranteed annual wage was negotiated into S.U.B.—was something the industry might accept as not raising too steeply its fixed costs in a time of low profits. This and a demand that pensions, like wages, be protected against the ravages of inflation with a cost-of-living escalator were to be the UAW's significant contributions to brand-new labor benefits in 1958. They were, of course, to be written into a contract which provided substantial wage increases as well.

Alliance in Adversity

But the recession was having psychological as well as economic effects within the auto industry, and these the union did not fully weigh. For the first time in their dealings with unionism, the three giant firms of the auto industry have forged an alliance against the UAW which, so far, is holding fast.

For temporary periods while they followed similar, but never common, policies, the big three auto companies have given Reuther some trouble in the past. But he always managed, by playing one off against another, to have a broken field to run through, and run he did. Selling cars in the booming postwar auto markets was the important order of business for the companies; fighting the UAW was a secondary consideration.

This year the auto industry's concern is not so direct and simple. Keeping production down so as not to overload already protesting dealers who have many more cars than customers is a prime problem. Earn-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing enough to maintain dividends to stockholders is another. Nervousness about public demand for small cars which Detroit has not deigned to manufacture, and worry about how the new and bigger 1959 models will be received make more headaches.

There is very little the industry can do about any of these things except wait and hope. The one place where it can get up and swing is in its labor relations. This is the only silver lining the industry sees in this beclouded year—and it can be exploited only if G.M., Ford, and Chrysler stick together. Thus adversity has made the common front that good markets could not. That the recession could cement it so solidly is something Reuther could not have foreseen.

The Last-Minute Magic Fails

By last fall it was seen at G.M. that 1958 would be a year for yielding little to labor. Ford reached the same decision at about the same time. The company was in for a rough twelve months and decided to take a strong position against increasing labor costs. At Chrysler labor costs have always run higher because the union has won better deals there than from G.M. or Ford. More vulnerable to a bad year than its competitors, Chrysler saw 1958 as an opportunity to take a stand for relief.

G.M. made the first public move. Last summer it announced its two-year contract extension and sixteen-cent wage increase offer. Ford hesitated briefly. It wanted no pay increases at all, thinking this might be the year to call a halt to the automatic boosts built in to the cost-of-living and productivity escalator clauses. But in what seemed to be a contribution to industry unity, it followed G.M. with the identical offer and the coalition became evident.

Chrysler, like Ford, thought maybe G.M. was going farther than necessary, but for purposes of unity it too followed. It did, however, ask for so many amendments in the agreement that the record hardly supports the claim that it offered to extend the old contract.

Meanwhile Reuther was not standing still. His wage aims had been enunciated as early as 1956. They were simply the pledge to his membership that in 1958 UAW would get the "biggest wage increase in the history of the union." Through early 1957 he hammered on the shorter-work-week issue. By the time curtailed work schedules and layoffs turned that demand sour, the G.M. offer was on the table. He refused to take it seriously and unveiled, instead, his revolutionary profit-sharing plan.

By the established rules of wage bargaining, he was playing by the book in ignoring the big three's offer. Management always offers low and the union demands high. The ultimate settlement is somewhere between. And at the time the offer was made, G. M.'s president Harlow Curtice may have intended it as an opening bargaining level. But while for the rest of the country the months since Curtice made his offer may have seen the recession bottoming out, for the auto industry it has been bottoming in, and a wage offer made almost a year ago now looks like the big three's top figure.

From April through June, the UAW went through the motions of bargaining, always expecting some fresh offer from one of the three that could be bounced back and forth from meeting to meeting. Such an offer never came—not even the hint of one. Instead, company negotiators for each firm told the UAW there was nothing to bargain about, that their final offer had already been made. In disbelief, Reuther retreated a few tactical steps on his demands to G.M., seeking to lure some movement from across the table. But nothing stirred.

It became a "take it or leave it" point—not *from* the UAW but for the first time in its history *to* the UAW—when contracts ran out at the end of May. This is the time when the traditional ritual of last-minute compromise always works its magic. But not this time. The companies would not give an inch and the contracts expired. With the contracts went the union shop and the automatic payroll deduction of union dues. Moreover, the firms cut down on the amount of time allowed company-paid union committeemen in the shops to process workers' grievances.

Reuther decided to play possum and work without a contract even though it violated a cardinal rule of unionism. He ordered his ranks to "Ignore everything the companies do and bide your time. To strike now would be insane." He meant that to strike in the summer, when auto inventories were high and the companies about to shut down for model changeovers, would have no effect except to cut the workers out of their unemployment compensation. As the time for the introduction of the new models approaches, however, he has publicly threatened a strike.

What Can He Strike For?

On the surface it might seem simple for Reuther to splinter the management coalition: just wait until fall, then strike one of the companies when it is hoping for the 1959 models to pick up sales. An auto executive admitted that was managements' most vulnerable time. "We'll be hungry for production, sales, and profits and under pressure from our dealers," he said. "Regardless of the general level of sales [expected to be lower than in past years], our last quarter would normally be a full-production period." But if a seller's market does not develop quickly, a softened attitude toward the union will be very short-lived.

A strike at Ford, where an official admitted that "he can hurt us more than he can G.M.," might seem a simple way to bring the industry to its knees. It would be simple if Reuther held absolute command over the UAW membership, but he doesn't.

He holds a political office and it is only safe as long as he takes his membership down a road they want to travel. No union man likes the bitterness and deprivations of a strike. As one big-three executive

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

put it: "If Reuther calls a strike, he's got to be ninety-per-cent sure that the company is going to cave in. At the end of a one-, two-, or three-month strike he's got to be able to point to something he won to justify it. The way things are now there's damn little assurance that a strike will gain him anything."

No one doubts Reuther's ability to call his men out. But the auto executive commented: "If he can't give them anything to show for it, he's going to find himself in trouble that will be tough for him to recover from, if he ever can."

Then he added with cryptic reference to the management coalition: "Besides, if he does strike he won't know whether he's going out against one company or all companies." If the auto firms should stick together to the point where all would close down in sympathy to a strike against one, the economies of supporting 580,000 members on the streets might well prove insurmountable to the UAW. Even if such a "lock-out" did not follow, an agreement among the companies that there would be no pirating of dealers of the struck firm could take a lot of sting out of the strike.

REUTHER would have difficulty showing a clear gain from a strike because the issues are not sharply defined. His demands include mostly improvements in such things as supplemental unemployment benefit payments, a cost-of-living escalator in pensions, and severance pay for workers permanently laid off. Because of worker indifference and management resistance, profit sharing has long since ceased to be a serious demand.

None of these demands are standards around which to rally union members. Furthermore, many workers think the two-year extension proposal acceptable in the present circumstances. The only possible threat that would seem to them impelling enough to warrant a long strike would be a management effort to wreck the union. Aware of this, the big three have made numerous statements to their workers that the UAW is accepted as an institution.

The auto managements have attempted to capitalize on the workers' hesitation to enter into an all-out fight by going directly to the rank-and-file with a selling effort that would do credit to the most aggressive auto dealer. After the contracts expired, Henry Ford II sent a letter to each Ford worker that began on this note of conciliation:

"I know that you and your family are wondering what a period of no contract means to you. The purpose of this letter is to assure you of two things:

"First, the company is continuing to make every effort to reach a new agreement as quickly as possible—there will be no effort to 'break the union' or to influence you in your choice of the UAW as your bargaining representative.

"Second, the company is determined to continue operations on a normal basis . . .

"I am disappointed, as many of you must be, that the UAW saw fit to reject our company's extremely fair offer to extend the present contracts . . ."

G.M. came out with a twenty-eight-page, two-color illustrated booklet detailing "Ten Years of Industrial Peace at G.M. and the Progress It Brought to You and Your Family."

The objects of these supplications and the ones who must ultimately decide who is to win are men like John King, a jobsetter with seventeen years seniority at G.M.'s AC Sparkplug plant in Flint, Michigan.

"This may not be the time to get anything much," he allowed. "Reuther would have been a big man if he had accepted the extension offer three months ago. He can't do it now and save face."

King added: "I want a union. I know what it's like without one, but they think they always got to show us they are doing something for us."

Not many of the workers I questioned at G.M., Ford, or Chrysler plants and who had formed any sort of opinion were wholly against the management proposal. However, many of them didn't have an opinion—except that Reuther would do all right by them.

The gigantic Rouge plant has a different kind of worker. They are members of rough and tumble Local 600, the largest in the UAW, whose president, Carl Stellato, is Reuther's chief political opponent in union politics.

Rouge workers from the segment sampled seemed more militant toward the company. They expect to be the ones called up to work the whipsaw this fall. They said they would strike if necessary but they weren't certain how long they could hold out financially.

Eight other unions with which G.M. deals have already capitulated and signed the two-year extension. The largest of these is Local 87 of the United Rubber Workers, representing three thousand workers at the Inland Manufacturing Division in Dayton, Ohio. Even though these agreements cover less than one per cent of the G.M. workers, they help stiffen management's stand.

Will the Alliance Hold?

Another factor Reuther will have to consider before calling a strike is public opinion. In auto-plant cities and across the nation a fall pickup in auto sales is eagerly anticipated to help speed recovery. He must weigh whether the issues are important enough to risk destroying this hope with a strike that might bring on the UAW the blame for continuing the recession.

In the management coalition there are obvious chinks. It is difficult to plumb the depths of the alliance, but near the surface there is much latent bitterness. G.M., remembering how it was forced to give in when Ford capitulated in 1955, still acidly calls S.U.B. "the Ford Plan."

Ford has no love for the G.M.-imposed plan of automatic productivity increases and cost-of-living raises. One of its officials commented caustically: "This is the year we shouldn't do anything to increase our costs. Yet we go ahead and offer to build more labor cost into the car. It's a cockeyed way to operate."

Should Ford be the strike victim, how well would the whipsaw operate? The best example of it in action was 1953. The UAW wanted to open the five-year agreement signed in 1950 to talk wage increases. Ford refused and a key axle-forging plant in Canton, Ohio, was struck, soon affecting the whole corporation. G.M. didn't feel as strongly about resisting the reopening, and after Ford had been down for five weeks it signed an agreement.

"We woke up dead, bloody heroes

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the issues we'd been fighting over settled somewhere else," a Ford official said. Ford had to give the G.M. settlement plus a little more in pensions to end the strike. Reuther then turned the whipsaw on G.M. and added the additional pension money to its agreement.

An essential element to the whipsaw is division among the companies on what offer to make. This year Ford and Chrysler don't wholeheartedly agree that the offer should be as high as it is, but the disagreement is not serious. Moreover, they are certain that G.M. will not up it on them suddenly.

Ford expresses a determination to stand a strike. "We don't mind taking a strike if we have a chance of winning," the official commented. "If we don't take a stand now, we will price ourselves out of the market in the long run." How strong the firm will feel if cash registers ring in G.M. salesrooms while Ford's assembly lines are halted is the question Reuther must answer.

REUTHER'S ALTERNATIVE to forcing the issue with a strike is to find some way of accepting the big three's offer without giving the appearance of capitulating. If he chooses this way, he will undoubtedly beat a retreat that will leave his political foes within the union as little target as possible.

The auto companies could help him by offering a concession that he could display as a prize, such as increased S.U.B. payments or an extension shorter than two years. But personal feelings against Reuther run deep in the auto capital and management negotiators seem happy to sit back and let him stew. This attitude is subject to change, however, because they must consider the many ramifications that would result from a serious blow to the Reuther prestige. Not the least would be an internecine struggle for power within the UAW that would roil Detroit labor relations for years.

Weighted against this are what now seem patent benefits of industry-wide bargaining to the big auto companies. If they retreat now, either singly or in concert, it will be a long time before Walter Reuther will find them allied against him again.

Kerala: An Indian Bear Walks the Tightrope

SEYOM BROWN

TRIVANDRUM

CHIEF MINISTER E.M.S. Namboodiripad has been performing a delicate balancing act since April 5, 1957, when as head of the newly elected Communist government here he swore to uphold the constitution of the Republic of India. The requirements of upholding the constitution, fulfilling the propaganda needs of international Communism, satisfying jobseekers in his Kerala Communist Party, and trying to stay in power with only a two-member majority in the state legislature have often proved contradictory.

One of Namboodiripad's first troubles began over a main plank in his election platform that had called for nationalization of the British-owned rubber, tea, coffee, and spice plantations lining Kerala's mountain slopes. The promise was a hollow one, as those who constructed the platform knew. Constitutionally, nationalization is a matter for the central government to decide. New Delhi promptly squelched the proposal. Who are you going to get to run the estates properly? asked Indian Minister for Commerce and Industry Morarji Desai. And furthermore, where are you going to get the money to pay for compensation?

When the Communists took over the state administration, Namboodiripad dropped the idea abruptly with this explanation: "Since we have come to learn that there is no likelihood of the Center concurring for the moment, we have no idea of pursuing the matter now."

The Wave of a Wand

But the expectation of Kerala's 320,000 plantation workers that they would become the "owners" when the Communists came to power could not be stifled so perfunctorily. A dramatic diversionary gesture was needed to convince them that this was truly their government. With much fanfare Namboodiripad announced that henceforth the police would not be used in "an anti-people way" in labor-management disputes.

Immediately a wave of violent strikes swept across Kerala. With Communist-led unions no longer afraid of government injunctions and police officials wary of ordering "anti-people" actions, a serious breakdown of law and order developed. The usual parades and oratory and occasional "non-violent" squat strikes characteristic of Indian labor agitations degenerated into mutilation of management property and skull cracking between rival union gangs. The police were only concerned to make themselves inconspicuous.

The situation got so far out of hand that the Communist ministry feared it might be used as a pretext for "president's rule." (The president of India is empowered to bring directly under his control all the administrative functions of a state in which constitutional processes have broken down.) Furthermore, the news reports of violence in Kerala were embarrassing to the party's latest line—"peaceful transition to socialism"—which Namboodiripad himself had a hand in drafting.

On July 23, 1957, ten weeks after his original pronouncement, Namboodiripad was pained to admit that "in certain instances" demonstrations did "obviously go beyond the limits of peaceful direct action." His government, he said, wanted to make it clear that it did not intend "any weakening of the role of the police in rendering assistance to the person and property of the owning classes . . . The government hopes . . . that the trade unions will recognize the supreme necessity of minimizing if not totally eliminating such industrial disputes as cause interruption in the process of production thus leading to great national loss." As if from the wave of a wand the strikes abated, but not without

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grumbling by many labor leaders. Soon, however, Namboodiripad was able to turn his retreat into a propaganda stunt worthy of the Communist Party.

When the summer monsoon was over and the fall tourist rush began (even without the novelty of a Communist régime, Kerala's tropical flora and inland waterways make it a scenic attraction second only to Kashmir), the countryside was calm. Fishermen up and down the three-hundred-mile coastline spread their huge nets. Banana boats meandered lazily through the backwaters. The setting sun glinted off the hoes carried by plantation workers on their way down from mountain tea groves.

A trumped-up charge!, blared the Communist Party press throughout India. There's no law-and-order problem in Kerala. It's all Congress Party propaganda. Visitors returned to their homes with eyewitness reports: "Normalcy," said the station director of the All-India Radio in Madras. "I was there recently and 'normalcy' is the best word I have for conditions as I found them."

But for Kerala, normalcy also means that forty per cent of its adult males are totally or partially unemployed. It means an average wage of two dollars a month for those who have full-time jobs. It means little more than a subsistence diet for most of the fifteen million people who crowd the inhabitable areas of a state twice the size of New Jersey. It means a feudal economy in which five per cent of the landlords own thirty-five per cent of the land. Many tenant farmers part with as much as half their yearly crop for land rent.

The Communists know they cannot face the electorate in future elections as champions of the *status quo*, no matter how peaceful.

"I still believe in Communism," a thirty-year-old clerk told me last February in Trivandrum. "I have believed in it since I was nineteen. I voted for them. But they are doing nothing about unemployment. I ask myself; are they really Communists?"

Even hard-core Communists in New Delhi were beginning to wonder whether the "new line" might not be too thin a political tightrope. By the spring of 1958, Ajoy Ghosh, the Indian Communist Party's general secretary, was warning party units against what he termed "indiscipline," "individualism," and "bourgeois nationalism."

An Open Invitation

Such doubts bear directly on the open manner in which Namboodiripad has been courting Kerala capitalists. His government's first Industrial Policy Resolution, presented in May, 1957, stated: "The government will do their utmost to give all possible forms of assistance to industrialists in setting up and managing industries . . . The taxation and price policies of the government will be so devised as to allow reasonable profit after providing for accumulation of capital at reasonable rates."

In October, the industries minister of Kerala, K. P. Gopalan, in a speech to the New Delhi Chamber of Commerce, urged industrialists from outside Kerala to "come forward to play their role in industrialization of the state."

On March 27, 1958, the Kerala government was able to announce proudly that it had concluded an agreement with G. D. Birla, one of India's biggest and most respected monopoly capitalists, to set up an $18-million wood-pulp factory to convert the bamboo of Kerala's Nilambur Valley into material used in rayon fabrics. Birla's negotiator in the deal, Colonel T. P. Rajan, praised the Kerala chief minister and his colleagues for their "extreme courtesy, spirit of accommodation, and readiness to allay the fears of industrialists."

The Communist régime's rationale for such a move is the same one that lies behind Nehru's new-found cordiality toward the "private sector" on the national level: industrialization demands the existence of a capital surplus for investment in new projects. And the only substantial sources of such risk capital in India are the big industrialists with foreign contracts and international credit of long standing. (Birla spokesmen have disclosed that some of the Kerala plant equipment and machinery may be supplied on a credit basis by firms in the U.S.) Namboodiripad recognized the problem long before any of his party colleagues. In 1952, in his highly esoteric tract, *The National Question in Kerala,* he chastised Indian Communists for their "failure to have a correct approach to the strategy of revolution."

Adapting Mao Tse-tung's theory of a "two-stage" revolution to the Indian context, Namboodiripad continues to maintain that the elimination of feudalism has the highest priority. This involves co-operation with those capitalist elements who are anti-feudal; and it means sponsoring, for a time, programs and slogans associated with nationalist bourgeois democracy. Only upon completion of the Indian "national" (or capitalist) revolution will economic relations and productive forces be sufficiently matured to spark the kind of class conflict necessary for a successful socialist revolution.

Namboodiripad's Dilemmas

This argument was undoubtedly understood and accepted by party theoreticians in Moscow. But it is not quite the language to inspire rank-and-filers and schoolboy sympathizers. Before Namboodiripad assumed power he was able to talk on two levels: dramatic appeals to the unsophisticated (a favorite campaign technique of the Communists in 1957 was to ride into a village on a bullock cart wearing only a loin cloth, point to the automobiles in which Congress Party campaigners usually traveled, and say, "Why should they ride like that and not us?") and dissertations for party strategists. In power, he is in fact doing the best he can to carry out his thesis—some Indian non-Communists mistakenly believe that Kerala merely shows how Indian spirituality has been able to suck the venom out of the Communist movement—but in so doing he is forced to ignore some of his

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

campaign promises. For Lenin and Mao this was no great problem; they did not have to return to the people to ask for re-election. Namboodiripad must, and that is the source of his dilemmas.

To retain control of the state administration in the 1962 general elections the Communists will probably have to increase their share of the popular vote by at least ten per cent. In the 1957 elections they received thirty-five per cent of the popular vote and this, along with the help of five fellow-traveling independents, was enough to give them a two-member majority in a legislative assembly of 127. The non-Communist vote was badly split in most constituencies between the Congress Party and the Praja (People's) Socialist Party, and in some constituencies between Congress and the Moslem League (Kerala has India's only functioning Moslem party). But the shock of awaking one morning to a Communist majority in the state assembly stimulated opposition party leaders into a serious effort to forge an anti-Communist alliance.

THE KERALA Praja Socialist Party leader, Pattom Thanu Pillai—an ex-Congress warhorse and chief minister of the state for brief periods in 1948 and 1954—indicated to me in January that he was ready to bury his feuds with the Congress leadership. "Before anything else," he said, "I am a confirmed anti-Communist . . . If an election were held today with Congress-P.S.P. co-operation, then we could form a good government." A possible roadblock to such co-operation was the National P.S.P.'s standing rule against electoral alliances or coalition governments with the Congress Party. But sentiment in the national organization seemed to be moving toward the view expressed by Ashok Mehta, the P.S.P.'s deputy leader in the Indian parliament, that the "political compulsions of a backward economy" might demand close co-operation by the centrist parties to hold a "front line of defense . . . against Communism."

The head of the Kerala Moslem League, Mohammed Koya, told me that he was "more anti-Communist than anti-Congress." But his efforts to play a pivotal role in Kerala politics sometimes backfire. "Last year," he told me, "in constituencies where only Congress and Communists contested, we were neutral. Therefore the Communists won." What particularly angered Koya was the Communists' failure to put up a candidate in his own Moslem-dominated constituency, and their support of his Congress rival.

In past Kerala elections, the Congress Party refused to make any deals with the Moslem League. Congress leaders were skeptical of Mohammed Koya's protestations that the league is "not communalist" and is "one hundred per cent with Nehru on the question of Kashmir." But the fact that the league's nine members of the state assembly have sided with Congress legislators on every important vote this past year has mellowed Congress hostility. "We were not so sure of the Moslem League until this session," said a Congress member of the assembly. "They were opportunists. But now they know they cannot get anything from the Communists."

An alliance in the 1962 elections, between Congress, Socialists, and Moslem Leaguers would polarize the Kerala vote and deprive the Communists of their majority in the assembly. Votes in Kerala are, for the most part, delivered from definite pockets of support. Congress can rely on the votes of the Christian community in the Cochin region; the P.S.P. gets most of its support from caste Hindus in the Tranvancore region; the Moslems in the Malabar coastal area are loyal to the league; and so on.

A Time for Action

The Communists, too, will have to depend on their ability to "get out the vote" from the communities they have already cultivated, particularly among the untouchables, who are mostly landless peasants. Back in the early 1930's when Namboodiripad and his colleagues were still members of the Congress Party, they led agitations for the admittance of untouchables to Hindu temples and other social causes popular with the outcastes. Thus when the left wing of the Kerala Congress broke away in 1937 to form the Kerala Communist Party, they had a ready-made peasant base. Since independence, the Communists have been active in sponsoring land reforms that would benefit the untouchables, who now expect the Communists to do more than talk and lead demonstrations.

But the Communists have not only the peasants to satisfy. They also get much of their support, especially financial, from the high-caste Nair community in the Cochin area, where Congress has its large Christian following. One of the largest contributors to the Communist Party, for example, is Sankunny Pallai, publisher of a newspaper in the city of Kottyam and owner of Swaraj Motors, a large bus line. A current joke among Indian politicians explains why a wealthy high-caste Hindu gives money to the Communist Party: "He's afraid that he might be reincarnated next time as a worker." However, the real reason that many Nairs support the party is the still smoldering resentment that they, as one of Hinduism's most orthodox communities, bear toward the Christian missionary movement. Today there are over three million Christians in Kerala, most of them Roman Catholic, and almost all of whom vote Congress. The Communists have not had a hard time convincing the Nairs that the Congress Party in Kerala is the "political arm of the church."

EVEN SO, the Communists, now that they have assumed power, are in danger of losing the Nair vote. Most of the Nairs are landowners and dead set against the land-reform bill the Communists have introduced. Namboodiripad has been vacillating on this issue; the bill was first circulated "to ascertain public opinion" and now it is again in committee. Sooner or later, however, he must decide either against the Nairs or the landless peasants.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

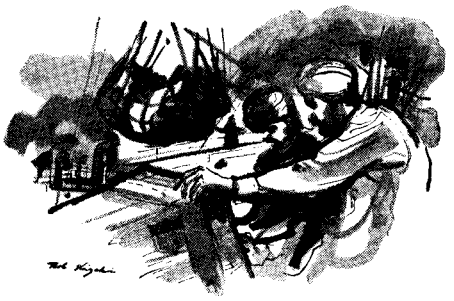
Meanwhile his régime is continuing to rely on diversionary measures.

The Communists know that for the Nairs the issue of Christian influence in Kerala is politically potent, but they wanted the Christians themselves to raise it. To that end, Namboodiripad's education minister steered a bill through the assembly that would have empowered the state government to take over any private school for "mismanagement," and have given the state department of education an effective veto over the appointment of private-school teachers.

The Christian community was, as expected, the first to cry foul, seeing the act as directed primarily against their own two thousand schools. They were able to get it referred to the Indian Supreme Court on the basis that it violates the national constitutional provision giving to "all minorities, whether based on religion or language, the right to establish and administer educational institutions of their choice."

The court returned a verdict late in May declaring the crucial sections of the education bill unconstitutional—too late, however, to prevent it from becoming an emotional issue in an important May by-election. The Christians, determined to serve notice that they were unwilling to take any Communist challenge lying down, organized work stoppages and black flag demonstrations throughout the state. The Communists could have hoped for no better election platform. "A conspiracy is afoot by the Catholic oligarchy to subvert the Kerala government by unconstitutional means . . . !" charged Party Secretary M. N. Govindan Nair. He called for a "united front against violence."

The by-election, which was held on May 16 in the Devicolam constituency (a stronghold of both Christian and Hindu orthodoxy), was viewed as a crucial fight by Communists and Congressmen alike. If the Communists lost, their voting strength in the state legislative assembly would have narrowed to 64, including the speaker, as compared with 63 for the combined opposition parties. Failure to retain their Devicolam seat would have made the downfall of their Namboodiripad régime before the 1962 elections almost certain. Furthermore, the election was viewed as a test of the ability of the opposition parties to co-operate in an anti-Communist alliance—an arrangement which Krishna Menon (India's most noted Ke-



ralan) had warned would suggest expediency and drive voters away from the Congress Party.

The results were such as to allow both the ins and the outs to claim success: The Communist candidate won by a margin of 9,000 out of the 115,000 votes polled; but the Congress candidate, with the support of the Socialists and the Moslem League, increased his party's vote in the district by 100 per cent as compared with the 1957 election, while the Communist Party's increased by only 65 per cent. On the strength of this showing the Kerala Congress office is proceeding with full vigor to further cement that alliance with an eye to 1962, and has implored national headquarters to muzzle Krishna.

Although Namboodiripad hailed the outcome as a tremendous demonstration that Communism has come to Kerala to stay, the strengthening of anti-Communist unity could not help but worry him. He appealed to "democratic" opposition elements to help him "create a more friendly and more cordial atmosphere in the state." If the opposition could not be demoralized with angry threats, he would try smiles for a while.

Whose 'Cruel Joke'?

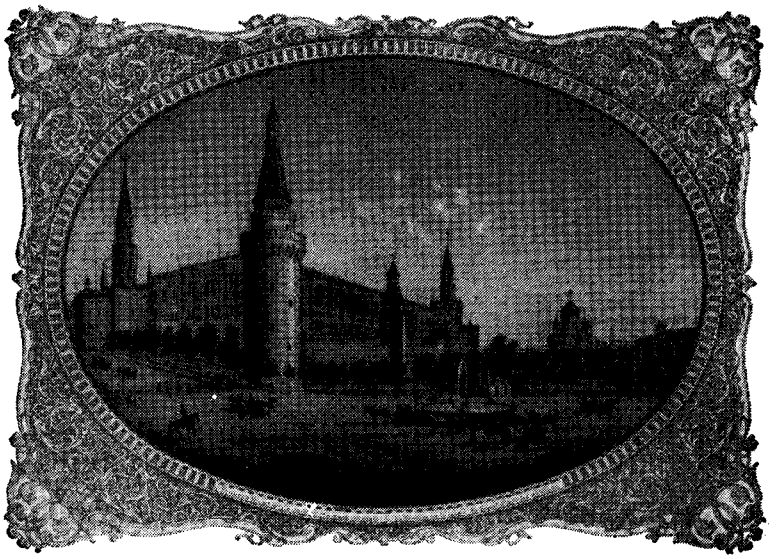
Besides attempting to counter an organized opposition by playing off political, religious, and caste groups against each other, the Communists —if they wish to campaign effectively in the future—must try to build greater strength among the educated unemployed. All over India, the swelling pools of high-school and college graduates without marketable technical skills provide reservoirs of discontent for the Communists to canalize. In Kerala, the state with the highest literacy rate in India, they are more numerous than anywhere else. Even the many who were not actually recruited into the party have been valuable noisemakers at speeches and paraders during strikes. Now they expect some share in the spoils. Namboodiripad would like to find jobs for these people—many of whom are no longer young—both to get them off his neck and to ensure himself a loyal administrative cadre. But here again he runs afoul of the constitution. Currently employed civil servants may not be dismissed without due cause. This is one Communist dilemma that the opposition parties have been able to capitalize on. In contrast to 1957, Congress and Praja Socialist political rallies are now featuring the biggest "youth brigades."

The large number of nonpartisan intellectuals in Kerala may also make things less comfortable for Namboodiripad in the 1962 elections. Many seem to have voted against the Congress in 1957, but more out of a mood of playful malice—for which Keralans are famous —than from conviction that anything good would come of it. "I helped put the Communists in there," said one young man pointing at a government building. "Wasn't that a cruel joke to play on them?"

HOWEVER FUNNY Namboodiripad's acrobatics may look from below, they are not the movements of an amateur. Despite the peculiarities of the Kerala political arena, he is relying on some of the time-tested techniques of international Communism to consolidate his position. The Communist Party has set up parallel "advisory committees" at every level of administration. The small landholder who wants an advance of seed is quickly learning he must be on the good side of the local party functionary. Moves are being made to bring local libraries under state control. The budget for financial awards to Kerala artists and writers has been increased.

The Indian bear has been well trained. South Indian humidity may make his new line slippery, but he is determined to keep his footing.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Further excerpts from

Doctor Zhivago

by BORIS PASTERNAK

This book, which was written in Soviet Russia but has not been published there, is the lyrical narrative of a man's life, a fictional character named Yurii Andreievich Zhivago. Zhivago served as an army doctor in the First World War, then was caught up by the Communist Revolution, which he wholeheartedly accepted, was swept away by it, yet maintained to the very end, when life failed him, an unconquerably free mind.

(As this second series of excerpts begins, Dr. Zhivago is living in the country, far from Moscow.)

IN THE WINTER, when Yurii Andreievich Zhivago had more time, he began a notebook. He wrote: "How often, last summer, I felt like saying with Tiutchev:

'What a summer, what a summer!
This is magic indeed.
And how, I ask you, did it come
Just like that, out of the blue?'

"What happiness, to work from dawn to dusk for your family and for yourself, to build a roof over their heads, to till the soil to feed them, to create your own world, like Robinson Crusoe, in imitation of the Creator of the universe, and, as your own mother did, to give birth to yourself, time and again.

"So many new thoughts come into your head when your hands are busy with hard physical work, when your mind has set you a task that can be achieved by physical effort and that brings its reward in joy and success, when for six hours on end you dig or hammer, scorched by the life-giving breath of the sky. And it isn't a loss but a gain that these transient thoughts, intuitions, analogies are not put down on paper but forgotten. The town recluse whipping up his nerves and his imagination with strong black coffee and tobacco doesn't know the strongest drug of all—good health and real necessity.

"I am not going further than this. I am not preaching Tolstoyan austerity and the return to the land, I am not trying to improve on socialism and its solution to the agrarian problem. I am merely stating a fact, I am not building a system on the basis of our own accidental experience. Our example is debatable and unsuitable for deductions. Our economy is too mixed. What we produce ourselves—potatoes and vegetables—is only a small part of what we need; the rest comes from other sources.

"Our use of the land is illegal. We have taken the law into our own hands, and we conceal what we are doing from the state. The wood we cut is stolen, and it is no excuse that we steal from the state or that the property once belonged to Krueger. We can do all this thanks to Mikulitsyn's tolerant attitude (he lives in

© 1957 Giangiacomo Feltrinelli Editore, Milano, Italy © 1958 Pantheon Books Inc., New York

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

much the same way as we do), and we can do it safely because we are far from the town, where, fortunately, nothing is known, for the time being, about our illegal activities.

"I have given up practicing medicine, and I don't tell anyone that I am a physician, because I don't want to restrict my freedom. But there are always some good souls who get wind of the fact that there is a doctor in Varykino. So they trudge twenty miles to consult me, and bring a chicken or eggs, or butter, or something. And there is no way to persuade them that I don't want to be paid, because people don't believe in the effectiveness of free medical advice. So my practice brings in a little. But our chief mainstay, Mikulitsyn's and ours, is Samdeviatov.

"He is a fantastically complicated character. I can't make him out. He is a genuine supporter of the Revolution and he fully deserves the confidence that the Yuriatin soviet has in him. With all the powers they have given him he could requisition the Varykino timber without so much as telling Mikulitsyn or us, and he knows that we wouldn't protest. On the other hand, if he felt like robbing the state, he could fill his pocket and again no one would say a word. He has no need to bribe or share with anybody. What, then, is it that makes him take care of us; help the Mikulitsyns and everyone in the district, for instance the stationmaster at Torfianaia? All the time he is on the road, getting hold of something to bring us. He is just as familiar with Dostoevsky's *Possessed* as with the Communist Manifesto, and he talks about them equally well. I have the impression that if he didn't complicate his life so needlessly, he would die of boredom."

A LITTLE LATER the doctor wrote:

"We are living in two rooms in a wooden annex at the back of the old house. When Anna Ivanovna was a child Krueger used it for special servants—the dressmaker, the housekeeper, and the retired nurse.

"It was pretty dilapidated when we came, but we repaired it fairly quickly. With the help of experts we rebuilt the stove, which serves both rooms. We have rearranged the flues and it gives more heat.

"In this part of the grounds the old garden has vanished, obliterated by new growth. But now, in winter, when everything is inanimate, living nature no longer covers the dead; in snowy outline the past can be read more clearly.

"We have been lucky. The autumn was dry and warm. It gave us time to dig up the potatoes before the rains and the cold weather. Not counting those we gave back to Mikulitsyn, we had twenty sacks. We put them in the biggest bin in the cellar and covered them with old blankets and hay. We also put down two barrels of salted cucumbers and two of sauerkraut prepared by Tonia. Fresh cabbages hang in pairs from the beams. There are carrots buried in dry sand, and radishes and beets and turnips, and plenty of peas and beans are stored in the loft. There is enough firewood in the shed to last us till spring.

"I love the warm, dry winter breath of the cellar, the smell of earth, roots, and snow that hits you the moment you raise the trap door as you go down in the early hours before the winter dawn, a weak, flickering light in your hand.

"You come out; it is still dark. The door creaks or perhaps you sneeze or the snow crunches under your foot, and hares start up from the far cabbage patch and hop away, leaving the snow crisscrossed with tracks. In the distance dogs begin to bark and it is a long time before they quiet down. The cocks have finished their crowing and have nothing left to say. Then dawn breaks.

"Besides the tracks of hares, the endless snowy plain is patterned by those of lynxes, stretching across it neatly, like strings of beads. The lynx walks like a cat, putting one paw down in front of the other, and they say it travels many miles in a night.

"Traps are set for them, but instead of the lynxes the wretched hares get caught, half buried in the snow, and are taken out, frozen stiff.

"At the beginning, during spring and summer, we had a very hard time. We drove ourselves to the utmost. But now we can relax in the winter evenings. Thanks to Samdeviatov, who supplies us with kerosene, we sit around a lamp. The women sew or knit, Alexander Alexandrovich or I read aloud. The stove is hot, and I, as the appointed stoker, watch it for the right moment to close the damper so as not to waste any heat. If a charred log prevents the fire from drawing properly, I remove it and run out with it smoking and fling it as far as possible into the snow. It flies through the air like a torch, throwing off sparks and lighting up the white rectangular lawns of the sleeping park and then buries itself, hissing, in a snowdrift.

"We read and reread *War and Peace, Eugene Onegin* and Pushkin's other poems, and Russian translations of Stendhal's *The Red and the Black,* Dickens's *A Tale of Two Cities,* and Kleist's short stories."

AS SPRING APPROACHED, the doctor wrote:

"I believe Tonia is pregnant. I told her and she doesn't believe it, but I feel sure of it. The early symptoms are unmistakable to me; I don't have to wait for the later, more certain ones.

"A woman's face changes at such a time. It isn't that she becomes less attractive, but her appearance is no longer quite under her control. She is now ruled by the future which she carries within her, she is no longer alone. Her loss of control over her appearance makes

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her seem physically at a loss; her face dims, her skin coarsens, her eyes shine in a different way, not as she wants them to; it is as if she couldn't quite cope with all these things and has neglected herself.

"Tonia and I have never drifted apart, but this year of work has brought us even closer together. I have noticed how efficient, strong, and tireless she is, how cleverly she plans her work, so as to waste as little time as possible between one job and another.

"It has always seemed to me that every conception is immaculate and that this dogma, concerning the Mother of God, expresses the idea of all motherhood.

"At childbirth, every woman has the same aura of isolation, as though she were abandoned, alone. At this vital moment the man's part is as irrelevant as if he had never had anything to do with it, as though the whole thing had dropped from heaven.

"It is the woman, by herself, who brings forth her progeny, and carries it off to some remote corner of existence, a quiet, safe place for a crib. Alone, in silence and humility, she feeds and rears the child.

"The Mother of God is asked to 'pray zealously to her Son and her God,' and the words of the psalm are put into her mouth: 'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For He hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden: for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.' It is because of her child that she says this, He will magnify her ('For He that is mighty hath done to me great things'): He is her glory. Any woman could say it. For every one of them. God is in her child. Mothers of great men must have been familiar with this feeling, but then, all women are mothers of great men—it isn't their fault if life disappoints them later.

"We go on endlessly rereading *Eugene Onegin* and the poems. Samdeviatov came yesterday and brought presents—nice things to eat and kerosene for the lamps. We have endless discussions about art.

"I have always thought that art is not a category, not a realm covering innumerable concepts and derivative phenomena, but that, on the contrary, it is something concentrated, strictly limited. It is a principle that is present in every work of art, a force applied to it and a truth worked out in it. And I have never seen art as form but rather as a hidden, secret part of content. All this is as clear to me as daylight. I feel it in every bone of my body, but it's terribly difficult to express or to define this idea.

"A literary creation can appeal to us in all sorts of ways—by its theme, subject, situations, characters. But above all it appeals to us by the presence in it of art. It is the presence of art in *Crime and Punishment* that moves us deeply rather than Raskolnikov's crime.

"Primitive art, the art of Egypt, Greece, our own—it is all, I think, one and the same art through thousands of years. You can call it an idea, a statement about life, so all-embracing that it can't be split up into separate words; and if there is so much as a particle of it in any work that includes other things as well, it outweighs all the other ingredients in significance and turns out to be the essence, the heart and soul of the work.

"A slight chill, a cough, probably a bit of temperature. Gasping all day long, the feeling of a lump in my throat. I am in a bad way. It is my heart. The first symptoms that I have inherited my poor mother's heart —she suffered from it all her life. Can it really be that? So soon? If so, my tenure in this world is short.

"A faint smell of charcoal in the room. A smell of ironing. Tonia is ironing; every now and then she gets a coal out of the stove and puts it in the iron, and the lid of the iron snaps over it like a set of teeth. It reminds me of something, but I can't think of what. Must be my condition.

"To celebrate Samdeviatov's gift of soap we have had two washing days and Sashenka has been running wild. As I write he sits astride the crosspiece under the table and, imitating Samdeviatov, who takes him out in his sleigh whenever he comes, pretends that he is giving me a ride.

"As soon as I feel better I must go to the town library and read up on the ethnography and history of the region. They say the library has had several important donations and is exceptionally good. I have an urge to write. But I'll have to hurry. It will be spring before we know where we are—and then there'll be no time for reading or writing.

"My headache gets worse and worse. I slept badly. Had a muddled dream of the kind you forget as you wake up. All that remained in my memory was the part that woke me up. It was a woman's voice, I heard it in my dream, sounding in the air. I remembered it and kept hearing it in my mind, and going through the list of our women friends, I tried to think of someone who spoke in that deep, soft, husky voice. It didn't belong to any of them. I thought it might be Tonia's, and that I had become so used to her that I no longer heard the tone of her voice. I tried to forget that she was my wife and to become sufficiently detached to find out. But it wasn't her voice either. It remains a mystery.

"About dreams. It is usually taken for granted that you dream of something that has made a particularly strong impression on you during the day, but it seems to me it's just the contrary.

"Often it's something you paid no attention to at the time—a vague thought that you didn't bother to think out to the end, words spoken without feeling and which passed unnoticed—these are the things that return at night, clothed in flesh and blood, and they

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

become the subjects of dreams, as if to make up for having been ignored during waking hours.

"A CLEAR, FROSTY NIGHT. Unusual brilliance and perfection of everything visible. Earth, sky, moon, and stars, all seem cemented, riveted together by the frost. Shadows of trees lie across the paths, so sharp that they seem carved in relief. You keep thinking you see dark figures endlessly cross the road at various places. Big stars hang in the woods between branches like blue lanterns. Small ones are strewn all over the sky like daisies in a summer field.

"We go on discussing Pushkin. The other night we talked about the poems he wrote as a schoolboy. How much depended on his choice of meter!

"In the poems with long lines, his ambition was limited to the town of Arzamas; he wanted to keep up with the grownups, impress his uncle with mythologisms, bombast, faked epicureanism and sophistication, and affected a precocious worldly wisdom.

"But as soon as he stopped imitating Ossian and Parny and changed from 'Recollections of Tsarskoe Selo' to 'A Small Town' or 'Letter to My Sister' or 'To My Inkwell' (written later in Kishinev), or 'To Yudin,' the future Pushkin was already there.

"Air, light, the noise of life, reality burst into his poetry from the street as through an open window. The outside world, everyday things, nouns, crowded in and took possession of his lines, driving out the vaguer parts of speech. Things and more things lined up in rhymed columns on the page.

"As if this, Pushkin's tetrameter, which later became so famous, were a measuring unit of Russian life, a yardstick, as if it had been patterned after the whole of Russia's existence, as you draw the outline of a foot or give the size of a hand to make sure that the glove or the shoe will fit.

"Later in much the same way, the rhythm of spoken Russian, the intonations of ordinary speech were expressed in Nekrassov's trimeters and dactyls.

"I SHOULD LIKE to be of use as a doctor or a farmer and at the same time to be gestating something lasting, something fundamental, to be writing some scientific paper or a literary work.

"Every man is born a Faust, with a longing to grasp and experience and express everything in the world. Faust became a scientist thanks to the mistakes of his predecessors and contemporaries. Progress in science is governed by the laws of repulsion, every step forward is made by refutation of prevalent errors and false theories. Faust was an artist thanks to the inspiring example of his teachers. Forward steps in art are governed by the law of attraction, are the results of the imitation of and admiration for beloved predecessors.

"What is it that prevents me from being a doctor and a writer? I think it is not our privations or our wanderings or our unsettled lives, but the prevalent spirit of high-flown rhetoric, which has spread everywhere—phrases such as 'the dawn of the future,' 'the building of a new world,' 'the torchbearers of mankind.' The first time you hear such talk you think 'What breadth of imagination, what richness!' But in fact it's so pompous just because it is so unimaginative and second-rate.

"Only the familiar transformed by genius is truly great. The best object lesson in this is Pushkin. His works are one great hymn to honest labor, duty, everyday life! Today, 'bourgeois' and 'petty bourgeois' have become terms of abuse, but Pushkin forestalled the implied criticism in his 'Family Tree,' where he says proudly that he belongs to the middle class, and in 'Onegin's Travels' we read:

'Now my ideal is the housewife,
My greatest wish, a quiet life
And a big bowl of cabbage soup.'

"What I have come to like best in the whole of Russian literature is the childlike Russian quality of Pushkin and Chekhov, their modest reticence about such high-sounding matters as the ultimate purpose of mankind or their own salvation. It isn't that they didn't think about these things, and to good effect, but to talk about such things seemed to them pretentious, presumptuous. Gogol, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky looked restlessly for the meaning of life, and prepared for death and drew conclusions. Pushkin and Chekhov right up to the end of their lives were absorbed in the current, specific tasks imposed on them by their vocation as writers, and in the course of fulfilling these tasks they lived their lives, quietly, treating both their lives and their work as private, individual matters, of no concern to anyone else. And these individual things have since become of concern to all, and their works, like apples picked while they are green, have ripened of themselves, mellowing gradually and growing richer in meaning.

"FIRST SIGNS OF SPRING. Thaw. The air smells of buttered pancakes and vodka, as at Shrovetide. A sleepy, oily sun blinking in the forest, sleepy pines blinking their needles like eyelashes, oily puddles glistening at noon. The countryside yawns, stretches, turns over, and goes back to sleep.

"Chapter Seven of *Eugene Onegin* describes the spring. Onegin's house deserted in his absence, Lensky's grave by the stream at the foot of the hill.

'The nightingale, spring's lover,
Sings all night. The wild rose blooms.'

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Why 'lover'? The fact is, the epithet is natural, apt: the nightingale *is* spring's lover. Moreover, he needed it for the rhyme. I wonder whether the nickname Nightingale, for the brigand son of Odikmantii, in the well-known Russian folk epic, is not a metaphor based on similarity of sound. How well the song characterizes him!

'At his nightingale whistle,
At his wild forest call,
The grass is all a-tremble,
The flowers shed their petals,
The dark forest bows down to the ground,
And all good people fall down dead.'

"We came to Varykino in early spring. Soon the trees grew green—alder and nut trees and wild cherry—especially in the ravine below Mikulitsyn's house. And soon after that the nightingales began to sing.

"Once again, as though hearing them for the first time, I wondered at the difference between their song and that of all other birds, at the sudden jump, without transitions, that nature makes to the richness and uniqueness of their trills. Such variety and power and resonance! Turgenev somewhere describes these whistling, fluting modulations. There were two phrases that stood out particularly. One was a luxurious, greedily repetitive tiokh-tiokh-tiokh, in response to which the vegetation, all covered with dew, trembled with delight. The other was in two syllables, grave, imploring, an appeal or a warning: 'Wake up! Wake up!'

"SPRING. We are preparing for the spring sowing. No time for a diary. It was pleasant to write. I'll have to stop until next winter."

Russian Spirituality

They were talking about new talent in science and literature.

"Yes, there are gifted men," said Nikolai Nikolaievich; "but the fashion nowadays is all for groups and societies of every sort. Gregariousness is always the refuge for mediocrities, whether they swear by Soloviev or Kant or Marx. Only individuals seek the truth, and they shun those whose sole concern is not the truth. How many things in the world deserve our loyalty? Very few indeed. I think one's should be loyal to immortality, which is another word for life, a stronger word for it. One must be true to immortality—true to Christ! Ah, you're turning up your nose, my poor man. As usual, you haven't understood a thing. . . .

"As I was saying, one must be true to Christ. I'll explain. What you don't understand is that it is possible to be an atheist, it is possible not to know whether God exists, or why, and yet believe that man does not live in a state of nature but in history, and that history as we know it now began with Christ, and that Christ's Gospel is its foundation. Now what is history? It is the centuries of systematic explorations of the riddle of death, with a view to overcoming death. That's why people discover mathematical infinity and electromagnetic waves, that's why they write symphonies. Now, you can't advance in this direction without a certain faith. You can't make such discoveries without spiritual equipment. And the basic elements of this equipment are in the Gospels. What are they? To begin with, love of one's neighbor, which is the supreme form of vital energy. Once it fills the heart of man it has to overflow and spend itself. And then the two basic ideals of modern man—without them he is unthinkable—the idea of free personality and the idea of life as sacrifice. Mind you, all this is still extraordinarily new. There was no history in this sense among the ancients. They had blood and beastliness and cruelty and pockmarked Caligulas who had no idea of how inferior the system of slavery is. They had the boastful dead eternity of bronze monuments and marble columns. It was not until after the coming of Christ that time and man could breathe freely. It was not until after Him that men began to live toward the future. Man does not die in a ditch like a dog—but at home in history, while the work toward the conquest of death is in full swing; he dies sharing in this work.

"This ancient world ended with Rome, because of overpopulation.

"Rome was a flea market of borrowed gods and conquered peoples, a bargain basement on two floors, earth and heaven, a mass of filth convoluted in a triple knot as in an intestinal obstruction. Dacians, Herulians, Scythians, Sarmatians, Hyperboreans, heavy wheels without spokes, eyes sunk in fat, sodomy, double chins, illiterate emperors, fish fed on the flesh of learned slaves. There were more people in the world than there have ever been since, all crammed into the passages of the Coliseum, and all wretched.

"And then, into this tasteless heap of gold and marble, He came, light and clothed in an aura, emphatically human, deliberately provincial, Galilean, and at that moment gods and nations ceased to be and man came into being—man the carpenter, man the plowman, man the shepherd with his flock of sheep at sunset, man who does not sound in the least proud, man thankfully celebrated in all the cradle songs of mothers and in all the picture galleries the world over.

"IT'S POSSIBLE TO USE words such as culture, epochs. But people understand them in so many different ways. Because their meaning is ambiguous, I won't use them. I'll replace them with other words.

"I would say that man is made up of two parts, of God and work. Each succeeding stage in the develop-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment of the human spirit is marked by the achievement over many generations of an enormously slow and lengthy work. Such a work was Egypt. Greece was another. The theology of the Old Testament Prophets was a third. The last in time, not yet superseded by anything else and still being accomplished by all who are inspired, is Christianity.

"To show you the completely new thing it brought into the world in all its freshness—not as you know it and are used to it but more simply, more directly—I should like to go over a few extracts from the liturgy, only a very few, and abridged at that.

"Most liturgical texts bring together the concepts of the Old and the New Testament and put them side by side. For instance, the burning bush, the exodus from Egypt, the youths in the fiery furnace, Jonah and the whale are presented as parallels to the Immaculate Conception, and the resurrection of Christ.

"Such comparisons bring out, very strikingly I think, the way in which the Old Testament is old and the Gospel is new. In a number of texts Mary's motherhood is compared to the crossing of the Red Sea by the Jews. For instance there is one verse that begins: 'The Red Sea is the likeness of the virgin bride,' and goes on to say that 'As the sea was impenetrable after its crossing by the Israelites, the Immaculate One was incorrupt after the birth of Immanuel.' That is to say, after the Jews crossed the Red Sea it became impassable, as before, and the Virgin after giving birth to our Lord was as immaculate as before. A parallel is drawn between the two events. What kind of events are they? Both are supernatural, both are recognized as miracles. What, then, was regarded as miraculous in each epoch—the ancient, primitive epoch and the later, post-Roman epoch which was far more advanced?

"In the first miracle you have a popular leader, the patriarch Moses, dividing the waters by a magic gesture, allowing a whole nation—countless numbers, hundreds of thousands of people—to go through, and when the last man is across the sea closes up again and submerges and drowns the pursuing Egyptians. The whole picture is in the spirit of antiquity—the elements obeying the magician, great jostling multitudes like Roman armies on the march, a people and a leader. Everything is visible, audible, overpowering.

"In the second miracle you have a girl—an everyday figure who would have gone unnoticed in the ancient world—quietly, secretly bringing forth a child, bringing forth life, bringing forth the miracle of life, the 'universal life,' as He was afterwards called. The birth of her child is not only a violation of human laws as interpreted by the scribes, since it was out of wedlock; it also contradicts the laws of nature. She gives birth not by virtue of a natural process but by a miracle, by an inspiration. And from now on, the basis of life is to be that inspiration which the Gospel strives to make the foundation of life, contrasting the commonplace with the unique, the weekday with the holiday, and repudiating all compulsion.

"What an enormously significant change! How did it come about that an individual human event, insignificant by ancient standards, was regarded as equal in significance to the migration of a whole people? Why should it have this value in the eyes of heaven?—For it is through the eyes of heaven that it must be judged, it is before the face of heaven and in the sacred light of its own uniqueness that it all takes place.

"Something in the world had changed. Rome was at an end. The reign of numbers was at an end. The duty, imposed by armed force, to live unanimously as a people, as a whole nation, was abolished. Leaders and nations were relegated to the past.

"They were replaced by the doctrine of individuality and freedom. Individual human life became the life story of God, and its contents filled the vast expanses of the universe. As it says in a liturgy for the Feast of the Annunciation, Adam tried to be like God and failed, but now God was made man so that Adam should be made God.

"I'LL COME BACK to this in a minute. But now I'd like to digress a little. With respect to the care of the workers, the protection of the mother, the struggle against the power of money, our revolutionary era is a wonderful, unforgettable era of new, permanent achievements. But as regards its interpretation of life and the philosophy of happiness that is being propagated, it's simply impossible to believe that it is meant to be taken seriously, it's such a comic survival of the past. If all this rhetoric about leaders and peoples had the power to reverse history, it would set us back thousands of years to the Biblical times of shepherd tribes and patriarchs. But fortunately this is impossible.

"Now a few words about Christ and Mary Magdalene—this isn't from the Gospel but from the prayers for one of the days in Holy Week, I think it's Tuesday or Wednesday. You know it all, Larisa Feodorovna, without me; I only want to remind you of something, I am not trying to teach you.

"As you know, the word 'passion' in Slavonic means in the first place suffering, the passion of Christ—'Christ entering upon his passion.' The liturgy also uses it in its later Russian connotation of 'lust' and 'vice.' 'My soul is enslaved by passions, I have become like the beasts of the field,' 'Being cast out of paradise, let us become worthy to be readmitted to it by mastering our passions,' and so on. It may be wrong of me, but I don't like the Lenten texts on the curbing of the senses and the mortification of the flesh. They are curiously flat and clumsy and without the poetry of other spiritual writings. I always think they were composed by fat monks. Not that I care if they themselves broke the rules and deceived other people or if they lived according to their

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conscience—it's not they that I'm concerned with, but with the actual content of these passages. All these acts of contrition give too much importance to various infirmities of the flesh and to whether it is fat or famished—it's repulsive. It seems to me to raise something dirty, unimportant, inconsequential, to a dignity that does not belong to it. Forgive me for all these digressions.

"I have always wondered why Mary Magdalene is mentioned on the very eve of Easter, just before the death and resurrection of Christ. I don't know the reason for it, but this reminder of what life is seems so timely at the moment of His taking leave of it and shortly before He rises again. Now listen to how the reminder is made—what genuine passion there is in it and what an uncompromising directness.

"There is some doubt as to whether this does refer to the Magdalene or to one of the other Marys, but anyway, she begs our Lord:

" 'Unbind my debt as I unbind my hair.' It means: 'As I loosen my hair, do Thou release me from my guilt.' Could any expression of repentance, of the thirst to be forgiven, be more concrete, more tangible?

"And later on in the liturgy for the same day there is another, more detailed passage, and this time it almost certainly refers to Mary Magdalene.

"Again she repents in a terribly tangible way over her past, saying that every night her flesh burns because of her old inveterate habits. 'For the night is to me the flaring up of lust, the dark, moonless zeal of sin.' She begs Christ to accept her tears of repentance and be moved by the sincerity of her sighs, so that she may dry His most pure feet with her hair—reminding Him that in the rushing waves of her hair Eve took refuge when she was overcome with fear and shame in paradise. 'Let me kiss Thy most pure feet and water them with my tears and dry them with the hair of my head, which covered Eve and sheltered her in its rushing waves when she was afraid in the cool of the day in paradise.' And immediately after all this about her hair, she exclaims: 'Who can fathom the multitude of my sins or the depths of Thy mercy?' What familiarity, what equality between God and life, God and the individual, God and a woman!

"You were saying, what is a nation? . . . And who does more for a nation—the one who makes a fuss about it or the one who, without thinking of it, raises it to universality by the beauty and greatness of his actions, and gives it fame and immortality? Well, the answer is obvious. And what are the nations now, in the Christian Era? They aren't just nations, but converted, transformed nations, and what matters is this transformation, not loyalty to ancient principles. And what does the Gospel say on this subject? To begin with, it does not make assertions: 'It's like this and like that.' It is a proposal, naïve and timid: 'Do you want to live in a completely new way? Do you want spiritual happiness?' And everybody accepted, they were carried away by it for thousands of years. . . .

"When the Gospel says that in the Kingdom of God there are neither Jews nor Gentiles, does it merely mean that all are equal in the sight of God? No, the Gospel wasn't needed for that—the Greek philosophers, the Roman moralists, and the Hebrew Prophets had known this long before. But it said: in that new way of living and new form of society, which is born of the heart, and which is called the Kingdom of Heaven, there are no nations, there are only individuals.

"You said that facts are meaningless, unless meanings are put into them. Well, Christianity, the mystery of the individual, is precisely what must be put into the facts to make them meaningful.

"We also talked about mediocre publicists who have nothing to say to life and the world as a whole, of petty second-raters who are only too happy when some nation, preferably a small and wretched one, is constantly discussed—this gives them a chance to show off their competence and cleverness, and to thrive on their compassion for the persecuted. Well now, what more perfect example can you have of the victims of this mentality than the Jews? Their national idea has forced them, century after century, to be a nation and nothing but a nation—and they have been chained to this deadening task all through the centuries when all the rest of the world was being delivered from it by a new force which had come out of their own midst! Isn't that extraordinary? How can you account for it? Just think! This glorious holiday, this liberation from the curse of mediocrity, this soaring flight above the dullness of a humdrum existence, was first achieved in their land, proclaimed in their language, and belonged to their race! And they actually saw and heard it and let it go! How could they allow a spirit of such overwhelming power and beauty to leave them, how could they think that after it triumphed and established its reign, they would remain as the empty husk of that miracle they had repudiated? What use is it to anyone, this voluntary martyrdom? Whom does it profit? For what purpose are these innocent old men and women and children, all these subtle, kind, humane people, mocked and beaten up throughout the centuries? And why is it that all these literary friends of 'the people' of all nations are always so untalented? Why didn't the intellectual leaders of the Jewish people ever go beyond facile *Weltschmerz* and ironical wisdom? Why have they not—even if at the risk of bursting like boilers with the pressure of their duty—disbanded this army which keeps on fighting and being massacred nobody knows for what? Why don't they say to them: 'Come to your senses, stop. Don't hold on to your identity. Don't stick together, disperse. Be with all the rest. You are the first and best Christians

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the world. You are the very thing against which you have been turned by the worst and weakest among you.' "

Journey Back to Moscow

Yurii Andreievich had made the last stage of his journey by train but had covered the earlier and much longer part on foot.

The villages he went through looked no better than those he had seen in Siberia and the Urals, after running away from his captivity in the woods. Only then it had been winter, while now, at the end of the summer and the beginning of a warm, dry autumn, the weather made things easier.

Half the villages he passed were deserted, the fields abandoned and unharvested as after an enemy raid. Such were the effects of war—civil war.

For two or three days at the end of September his road followed the steep bank of a river. The river flowing toward him was on his right. On his left the wide, unharvested fields stretched from the road to the cloud banks on the horizon. At long intervals they were interrupted by woods, for the most part oak, maple, and elm. The woods ran to the river in deep gullies, which dropped precipitously and cut across the road.

In the unharvested fields the ripe grain spilled and trickled on the ground. Yurii Andreievich gathered it in handfuls, and at the worst, if he had no means of boiling it and making gruel, he stuffed it into his mouth and chewed it with great difficulty. The raw half-chewed grain was almost indigestible.

Never in his life had he seen such dark-looking rye, rusty, brown, the color of old gold. Usually, when it is harvested in time, its color is much lighter.

These flame-colored fields blazing without fire, these fields silently proclaiming their distress, were coldly bordered by the vast, quiet sky, its face already wintry and shadowed by ceaselessly moving, long flaky snow-clouds with black centers and white flanks.

Everything was moving slowly, regularly—the flowing river, the road running by it, and the doctor walking along the road in the same direction as the drifting clouds. Nor were the rye fields motionless. Their surface was alive, they were astir with an incessant crawling that suggested something foul and repellent.

Never had there been such a plague of mice. They had bred in unprecedented quantities. They scurried over the doctor's face and hands and inside his sleeves and trousers at night, when he was caught by darkness and forced to sleep in the open; they raced across the road by day, gorged and teeming, and turned into squeaking, pulsing slush when they were trodden underfoot.

Shaggy village curs turned wild followed him at a respectful distance, exchanging glances as if to decide on the best moment to fall on him and tear him to pieces. They fed on carrion, did not disdain mice, and eyed Yurii Andreievich from afar, moving after him confidently as though waiting for something. For some reason they never ventured into the wood and, whenever he came near one, it gradually fell back, turned tail, and vanished.

The woods and the fields offered a complete contrast in those days. Deserted by man, the fields looked orphaned as if his absence had put them under a curse. The forest, however, well rid of him, flourished proudly in freedom as though released from captivity.

Usually the nuts are not allowed to ripen, as people, and particularly village children, pick them green, breaking off whole branches. But now the wooded sides of hills and gullies were thick with rough, golden foliage dusted and coarsened by the sun. Festive among it were bulging clusters of nuts, three or four, as if tied together, ripe and ready to fall from the branches. Yurii Andreievich cracked and crunched them in quantities. He stuffed his pockets and his bag full of them; for a whole week he fed on hazelnuts.

The fields appeared to him as something seen in the fever of a dangerous illness, and the woods, by contrast, in the lucidity of health regained. God, so it seemed to him, dwelled in the woods, while the fields echoed with the sardonic laughter of the devil.

At this point of his journey, Yurii Andreievich came to a deserted, burned-out village. All the houses had stood in one row on the side of the road opposite the river. The strip of land between the road and the edge of the steep river bank had not been built on.

Only a few houses, blackened by the fire, were still standing, but they too were empty, uninhabited. Nothing was left of the others but piles of charred rubble with black chimneys rising out of them.

The cliffs facing the river were honeycombed with pits where the villagers had quarried rock for millstones; this had been their means of livelihood. Three such unfinished stones were lying on the ground in front of the last house in the row, one of the few that had remained standing. Like the others, this house was uninhabited.

Yurii Andreievich went inside. It was a still afternoon, but the moment he entered it was as if a gust of wind burst into the house. Tufts of straw and hay slithered across the floors, remnants of paper flapped on the walls, and the whole place stirred and rustled. Like the countryside, it swarmed with mice which scampered off, squeaking, in all directions.

He came out. The sun was setting behind the fields in back of the village. A warm, golden glow flooded the opposite bank, and its fading brilliance was reflected by pools and on bushes, some of which reached out into the middle of the stream. Yurii Andreievich

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crossed the road and sat down on one of the millstones that lay on the grass.

A fair, shaggy head came up over the edge of the bank, then shoulders, then arms. Someone was climbing up the cliff path with a bucket of water. Seeing the doctor, he stopped, still visible only from the waist up.

"Would you like a drink of water? If you won't hurt me, I won't hurt you."

"Thank you. Yes, I'd like a drink. But come over here, don't be frightened. Why should I hurt you?"

The water carrier was a boy in his teens, barefoot, ragged, and disheveled.

In spite of his friendly words, he pierced the doctor with a worried, suspicious stare. For some reason the boy was strangely agitated. Finally, putting down his bucket, he rushed toward the doctor but stopped halfway, muttering:

"It isn't . . . It can't be . . . I must be dreaming. Pardon me, comrade, but haven't I seen you before? Yes! Yes! Surely! You're the doctor, aren't you?"

"And who are you?"

"Don't you recognize me?"

"No."

"We were in the same train from Moscow, in the same car. They'd conscripted me for labor."

It was Vasia Brykin. He threw himself on the ground before the doctor, kissed his hands, and wept.

The burned ruins were those of his native village, Veretenniki. His mother was dead. When the village was destroyed, Vasia hid in a cave in the quarries, but his mother, thinking he had been taken off to town, went mad with grief and drowned herself in the river—that very River Pelga which flowed at the foot of the cliff where they were sitting and talking. His sisters Alia and Aria were said to be in an orphanage in another district, but he knew nothing certain about them. He went on to Moscow with the doctor, and on the way told him of many terrible happenings.

"That's last winter's corn going to waste in the fields. We'd just finished sowing it when our troubles began. It was after Aunt Polia went away. Do you remember Aunt Polia?"

"No. I never even knew her. Who is she?"

"You never knew Aunt Polia? She was with us in the train! Tiagunova. The one who was plump and fair, and looked you straight in the eye."

"That's the one who was always braiding and undoing her hair?"

"That's it! The one with the pigtail, that's the one!"

"Yes, I remember her. Wait a moment, now I come to think of it, I met her later in a town in Siberia; we met in the street."

"You don't mean it! You met Aunt Polia!"

"What's the matter with you, Vasia? Why are you shaking my hands like a madman? If you're not careful you'll pull them off. And what are you blushing for, like a girl?"

"Well, tell me quickly, how is she? Tell me."

"She was all right when I saw her. She spoke about you and your people. Didn't she say she'd been staying with you, or have I got it wrong?"

"Of course she did, of course she did. She stayed with us. My mother loved her like her own sister. She's quiet and a good worker, very clever with her hands. We had plenty of everything in the house as long as she was living with us. But they made her life a misery in Veretenniki with all their talk.

"There was a man in the village called Rotten Kharlam. He was making up to Polia. He's a slanderer, and he had no nose. She wouldn't even look at him. He had a grudge against me for that. He spoke evil about me and Polia. In the end she left, she couldn't stand it any more. And that was the beginning of all our troubles.

"There was a terrible murder near here. A widow who lived all by herself on a farm, up toward Buiskoie. Used to walk about in man's shoes with elastic straps. She kept a fierce dog chained to a long wire, which ran all around the house. Gorlan, she called it. She did all the work around the house and on the farm by herself, without any help. Well, last year the winter came before anyone expected it. The snow was early, and the old woman hadn't dug up her potatoes. So she comes to Veretenniki and says, 'Help me,' she says, 'I'll pay you either in money or a share of the potatoes.'

"I said I'd do it, but when I got to the farm Kharlam was there, he'd taken the job on before me and she hadn't bothered to tell me. Well, I wasn't going to fight him about it, so we did the work together. It was wicked weather—rain and snow and mud and slush. We dug and we dug, and we burned the tops to dry the potatoes in the smoke. When we'd finished she settled with us, fair and square, and she let Kharlam go, but she gave me a wink as much as to say I should stay on or come back later.

"So I went back again and she said: 'I don't want to give up my surplus to the state. You're a good boy,' she says, 'I know you won't give me away. You see, I'm not hiding anything from you. I would dig a pit myself, but you see what it's like outside. I've left it too late, it's winter, I can't manage by myself. If you dig it for me, you won't be sorry.'

"So I made the pit in the proper way for a hiding place, wide at the bottom and narrow at the top, like a jug, and we started a fire again and warmed and dried the pit with the smoke—all in a howling blizzard. Then we put the potatoes into the pit and the earth back on top. A very neat job it was. Of course, I didn't say a word to a living soul, not even to my mother or my sisters. God forbid!

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Well, hardly a month went by before the farm was robbed. People coming past from Buiskoie said the door was wide open, and the whole place was cleaned out. No sign of the widow, and Gorlan had broken his chain and bolted.

"A bit later still, there was a thaw just before the New Year. On St. Basil's Eve it rained, so the snow got washed off the high ground, you could see the bare soil. Then Gorlan came back to the farm and found the place where the potatoes were buried, and started rooting up the earth. He dug and dug and threw the earth back, and there were the old woman's feet sticking up out of the hole, in those shoes with elastic straps she used to wear—horrible!

"Everyone in Veretenniki was sorry for the old woman. No one suspected Kharlam, and can you blame them? It was unthinkable. He wouldn't have had the nerve. If he had done it, he would have run away, far from here.

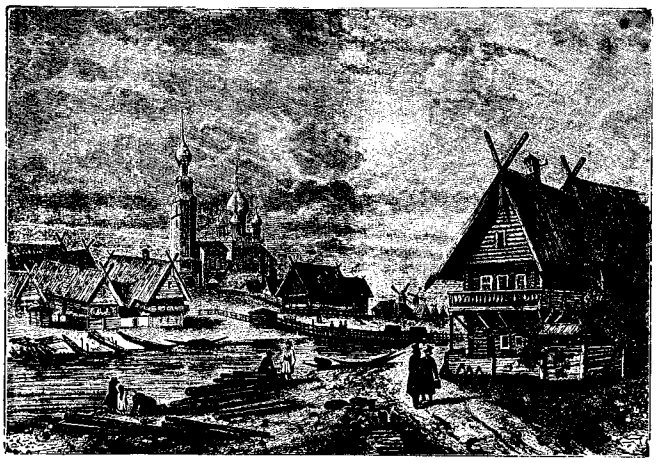
"The kulaks, in the village, were very pleased about the murder. Here's a chance to stir up trouble, they thought. 'See what those town people are doing to you,' they said. 'They did it on purpose to frighten you, so you wouldn't hide your grain and bury your potatoes. And you think it's bandits from the woods that killed her, fools that you are! Just you go on doing what the town people tell you. They've got a lot more up their sleeves, they'll take everything, they'll starve you out. If you want to know what's good for you, then listen to us, we'll teach you some sense. When they come to take away what you've earned by the sweat of your brow, tell them, We haven't so much as a grain of rye, let alone surpluses. And in case of trouble, use your pitchforks. And anyone who's against the village had better look out!' Well, the old fellows talked and held village meetings, and that was just what Kharlam wanted. Off he went to the town with his tale. 'Fine goings-on in the village,' he says, 'and what are you doing about it? A Poor Peasants' Committee, that's what we need. Give the word and I'll have them all at each other's throats in no time.' Then he made off somewhere, and never showed up in our parts again.

"WHAT CAME AFTER happened of itself. Nobody informed. Nobody's to blame. They sent Red Army men from the town, and they set up a court. And they started on me. That was because of what Kharlam had told them. I'd dodged the labor service. I'd run away. And I'd killed the old woman and stirred up the village, they said. They locked me up, but luckily I thought to pull up one of the floor boards and get away. I hid in a cave in the old quarry. The village was burned over my head—I never saw it, and my own mother drowned herself in a hole in the ice and I never knew.

"It all happened by itself. They had put the Red Army men in a house by themselves and given them liquor, and they all got dead drunk. In the night the house happened to catch fire, and the fire spread to the other houses, from one to the next. Our village people, when it started, jumped out of their houses and ran away. But the people from town—mind you, nobody set fire to them—naturally, they were all burned to death. Nobody told our people to run away or to stay away from their burned-out homes, but they were afraid that something else would happen. The kulaks spread a rumor that every tenth man would be shot. When I came out of the cave, they'd all gone, I didn't find a soul, they're wandering around somewhere."

(This is the second of three installments.)

The Bettmann Archive



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Avant-Garde And the Good Old Days

ALFRED KAZIN

THE BANQUET YEARS, by Roger Shattuck. Illustrated. *Harcourt, Brace. $8.50.*

This is a fascinating and often brilliant account of the emergence of "modern art" in France between 1885 and the First World War. These dates are fundamental. The first marks the death of Victor Hugo, the greatest of the French romantics, whose unbelievably festive state funeral signified a new epoch. The 1880's saw that wild upsurge of bourgeois ostentation and confidence, that unending series of public banquets, which make the French speak longingly of the period as "*la belle époque.*"

Truly, those were the good old days. For it was the luxurious, impudent, giddy spirit of the time that helped to bring about that experimental and sardonic spirit, in all the arts, which we call "modern art"—and which Mr. Shattuck has traced with particular care in the careers of Henri Rousseau the painter, Erik Satie the composer, Alfred Jarry the playwright, and Guillaume Apollinaire the poet. These are fairly special figures, and as Mr. Shattuck admits, the "family group" of Renoir, Ravel, Proust is greater as well as more famous; the "exiles," Picasso, Stravinsky, Gertrude Stein, would have made an even more fascinating group. But Mr. Shattuck is concerned not with the greatest men but with the representative ones—who were also the catalysts of an era.

For it was French conservatism the traditionalism of French life, that gave the new avant-garde both images of respectability they could knock down and a culture firm enough to withstand any revolt and provoke others. Above all, it was the increasing emphasis in a highly skeptical society on inner liberty of thought and fancy, the growing exasperation with social forms and intellectual formulas that hid the natural, authentic quality in people, that helps to explain the marvelous *brio* of artistic France in the prewar years.

It is only in our day, when so many rebels find themselves without a cause, that one can appreciate how much modern art owes the nineteenth-century bourgeoisie. The self-

ishness of the fathers often assured defiance by the sons; the staggering emphasis on the material often inspired the austere functionalism and "anarchism" of the new intellectuals. The positivism of nineteenth-century science provoked an increasing faith in the visionary, the personal, the inward resources open to the personal imagination; the very emphasis on society led, as in Proust, to the strategy of creative withdrawal. Out of the French cult of clarity, embodied in prose, came modern French poetry, with its mysterious hints and orphic ambiguities; out of the pompousness of official society, the spirit of the music hall; out of French respectability, the cult of the bohemian.

Without the wealth and exuberance of *"la belle époque,"* would there have been an avant-garde at all? Without the skinflints, the bureaucrats, the academicians and gluttons of old France, would the sophisticated middle class of America now have a museum of modern art to go to? This is the social fact behind Mr. Shattuck's story, which suggests the ironic contrast with America, where everything "advanced," dangerous, heretical, is immediately transformed into fashionable opinion. "The premise of all extreme protest and censure in France seems to be not change but permanence: nothing will change irretrievably or change faster. Therefore, one is free to go to any lengths to obtain a new order of things. . . . France tolerates extremes of heterodoxy and outrageous behavior because it knows that ultimately no one will be harmed: the life of the nation will scarcely be touched. . . . France is inoculated against itself."

The painters and poets who in their staggering independence created a new tradition did so by turning away from the feast; they simply saw what others did not. Modern art was not a deliberate overturning of tradition; as in the case of Henri Rousseau, there was even a pathetic effort to imitate academic painting—at which he failed. Rousseau, the most famous Sunday painter in history, had seriously tried to be an academic painter. But hard as he tried to be conventional, he could not subject his real vision to the one he admired. As Mr. Shattuck puts it, Rousseau stood beside Picasso and Braque and Matisse "without having made the journey of styles which they had made in their development as artists. He is primitive in that, occupying the same ground as these men, he nevertheless looked yearningly toward a style they violently rejected."

In his beautiful naïveté Rousseau embodied a necessary condition for the art of the future: absolute reliance on the unorganized personal imagination. He became for the wholly conscious and sophisticated artists of the period, like Picasso, a symbol of the painter's ability to descend wholly within himself. Again and again, in the analysis of Rousseau's work, Mr. Shattuck shows himself a critic of remarkably sympathetic insight. His pages are full of those critical insights that mark true appreciation. "The most singular quality of his work . . . arises from the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

steady light that floods his compositions and hushes them . . . The very steadfastness of his light, denying the movement of the sun and the succession of day and night, removes his paintings from time. . . . Steady illumination creates an expanded present which transfixes past and future in permanencies of composition and design. *The time of Rousseau's painting is the time of abstract art.* . . . Rousseau was the native who turned up on the shore when the exploratory voyages of modern art arrived in the new world. . . . He did not discover the new world; he was born into it."

The Minor Legends

The composer Erik Satie is a different case. His work is not too widely known; his pieces are so humorously brief, impudent, and abrupt that Mr. Shattuck's attempt to explain Satie, especially when he attempts formal analysis of very difficult scores, is not much help to the reader. Satie's work must figure for us mainly in relation to other artistic movements and personalities of the time. Satie represented the most audacious effort to create a music wholly French, free of the long domination of French music by Wagner. But one would guess that his music is actually literary, as contemporary French music so often is. In *Parade,* the famous ballet of 1917 done in collaboration with Cocteau, Massine, and Picasso, Satie laid out "a straightforward score decorated with parts for typewriters, sirens, airplane propellers, Morse tickers, and lottery wheels." This description catches the mocking note of the *avant-guerre*: the comic that was soon to turn into the "absurd." What had been gay and ribald satire of an oppressive world turned into the absurdity of a world without values at all.

In Alfred Jarry's *Ubu Roi,* the typically "modern" distortion of accepted social values, the drive to what is unsettling and shocking, came out in the oversize figure of the "monster" who we think lives in all of us and whom we are always pushing out of sight. Jarry proclaimed just the opposite. After the premiere of *Ubu Roi,* in 1896, William Butler Yeats wrote of modern poetry: ". . . what more is possible? After us the Savage God." Jarry, who completed his best work between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, became a nightmare to everyone by actually becoming his own creation. "Jarry molded himself so closely to the lineaments of his literary creation that none of his own flesh remained . . . . one of the extreme cases in history of literary mimesis—of an author becoming one of his own characters."

After discussing the poet and critic Guillaume Apollinaire, Mr. Shattuck sums up the "modern" creed in art as an increasing trust in self-communion, free intuition, inwardness. Coleridge spoke of man as "self-representative." Following up this proposition, Mr. Shattuck suggests that the contemporary flight from external realism in all the arts is really the development of a new insight into art itself, which wishes not to "imitate" reality but to rival it. His next to last chapter, "The Art of Stillness," is acute and moving. But while I accept his position generally, I could wish that he had followed up the social clues he used at the beginning of his book to explain the modern movement. The present stress on the subjective, the abstract, the formal may signify nothing more than the images of a highly technical and wholly systematized society. One test of the modern movement is how much any of the arts have really developed since modernism triumphed in the 1920's. It is obvious that much in contemporary art has become mechanical, a mere transmission of external mannerisms. Functional architecture often provides mere machines for living, and abstract art only decorations to hang on our walls. The novel has not only not progressed since the symbolist experiments of Joyce and Proust; it marks the growing disintegration of our idea of character. Poetry easily lapses into a set of rhetorical attitudes. "Modern art" has now become so much a way of life rather than a way of "seeing" that one wishes that Mr. Shattuck had followed out the insights of his first pages and had seen to the end that modern art is not a law unto itself but an expression of the human needs with which it began.

The Oilmen And a Desert King

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

Big Oil Man from Arabia, by Michael Sheldon Cheney. *Ballantyne. $4.95.*

In 1948, the author, being in need of funds and adventure, went to Arabia as a personnel man with International Bechtel, Inc., a big California construction firm that was doing work for Aramco. After completing his tour of duty with Bechtel, he signed on for a new hitch with Aramco itself, this time in various jobs having to do with the company's relations with its American and Arabian employees and its Arabian and American potentates. He remained in Arabia until 1956.

His book is something of a hodgepodge of personal recollections, evocations of the Arabian landscape and Arab mores, accounts of such mammoth construction enterprises as the laying of the twelve-hundred-mile TAP (Trans-Arabian Pipe) Line, and exegeses on the politics of oil and Islam. But it is fascinating. Apart from an unfortunate and perhaps remediable conviction that he is a great man for the apt saying, Mr. Cheney is a good and even vivid writer. He is impressed, as indeed anyone must be, by the accomplishments of the oilmen in this forbidding terrain.

Yet he can also be critical of Aramco. He thinks the management in Dhahran was stuffy and unimaginative, especially in developing policies toward its Arab employees, while on other matters it was bureaucratic and subject to recurrent attacks of economic panic. Aramco was also made skittish by its peculiarly

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

free . . .

You Can Introduce Your Friends to THE REPORTER

Most of us like to share with our friends our discoveries of new things we particularly enjoy—good books, a fine movie or play, an excellent restaurant.

Why not share THE REPORTER, too? If *you* enjoy reading THE REPORTER, surely your friends will like it.

And we'll be glad to help by sending your friends a *free* copy of THE REPORTER. Just write their names and addresses below, mail the list to us, and we shall send each of them a free copy with your compliments. If you have more names, simply list them on an extra sheet.

THE REPORTER
NAME
STREET
CITY ZONE STATE

THE REPORTER
NAME
STREET
CITY ZONE STATE

THE REPORTER
NAME
STREET
CITY ZONE STATE

YOUR NAME
STREET
CITY ZONE STATE

THE REPORTER
136 East 57th Street
New York 22, N. Y.

close relationship to its quadrumvirate of owners—Standard of California, the Texas Company, Jersey Standard, and Socony. However, if the author thinks that some things were done badly, he also thinks that a great many things were done very well.

THE BEST PART of the book deals with the problems of relations with the Arabs—at the lowest level with the Arabian employees of the company and at the most exotic with the Kings Saud, old and new. The two levels were by no means separate, for just prior to the death of the old king in 1953 there was a stubborn strike at the principal center of operations in Dhahran. The resulting complications were interesting in a country where, however much or little he might be tempted, the employer could not treat with the strike organization. That was because under the conservative Saudi approach to countervailing power not only unions but all other kinds of voluntary organizations—some of a purely religious character alone partially excepted—are prohibited. In the event, labor relations were taken over by the Crown, which, incidentally, showed itself somewhat more conciliatory than the author or most of his colleagues had expected. It was assumed that at a minimum the strike leaders would get a memorable public beating. Instead they were exiled to their native villages for ten years, and some were later rehired.

Mr. Cheney expects that Aramco's future is going to be a great deal more difficult than its past. The Saudi workers will press for more and more money and privileges; indeed, they are going to insist on being treated precisely as well as the exceedingly well-treated American employees and executives of the company. This will be expensive, and it is complicated further by the fact that many American advantages, real or alleged, such as paid vacations in the United States or unveiled women, are an aspect of citizenship or of our culture rather than of superior corporate status.

The king has also become accustomed to a very high standard of living, and even more so have his myriad relatives. The need has even run ahead of the exceedingly lush oil revenues, and the author imagines that the company has already been maneuvered into making some heavy advances on future earnings.

ALL THIS means that the company has set in motion a revolution in expectations to which it cannot help but contribute but which it cannot meet indefinitely. So, although the author is not quite explicit on the point, he expects that the company will wake up one morning, no one can say just when, to find itself thrown out. It may be bad for everyone concerned, but this won't keep it from happening.

A Humanist Looks At the Modern Novel

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

MAN IN MODERN FICTION, by Edmund Fuller. *Random House. $3.50.*

Writing frankly from a Christian standpoint, Edmund Fuller argues that the great literature of the West from Homer to the present is based upon a belief in God—whether Greek or Jewish or Christian—and that the absence of this belief is the root cause of the unhappy and distasteful vision of reality expressed in modern novels. He affirms the dignity of man in the face of a fictional assault that attempts to reduce all of us to reflexes, set off either by environment or inheritance.

With Mr. Fuller's counterattack against determinism—whether scientific or Calvinist—I am in full sympathy. For more than a century now, we have tended to explain downward, seeking explanations in origins

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as if all destiny were wrapped up in the seed instead of being re-created continuously in the unfolding. Our anthropologists go prowling among Samoans to "explain" the behavior of Sutton Placers; our little freudians (not the great Doctor) "explain" mature behavior largely in terms of infantile conditioning; and all too many of our novelists and short-story writers seem to believe that only as we descend into the psychic cellar with the rats and the worms do we find "truth."

Mr. Fuller vigorously upholds the humanistic tradition of the whole view. His book—oversimplified as it is, and founded upon theological assumptions so broad as to be meaningless—is a belligerently witty and necessary polemic in defense of man.

In this work Mr. Fuller is not concerned with literature as style or

craft but as the expression of a vision of life. It is in these terms that he evaluates, unfavorably, such novelists as Nelson Algren, Truman Capote, Norman Mailer, and Jack Kerouac and devotes a lively chapter to the critic John Aldridge. When it comes to sex in modern American fiction, the chapter on "The Death of Mrs. Grundy" is alone worth the price of admission. After witnessing "love among the troglodytes," nothing can startle except abstinence. "Even aging Henry Miller has found it impossible to remain beyond the pale. The strain has told on him. He has given up and abandoned sex for travelogues on a larger scale. A man cannot get himself privately published any more."

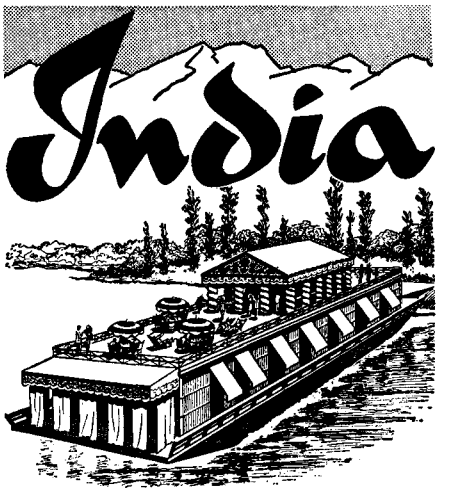
Alcoholics in reality are more often than not nauseating and boring. In modern American fiction, however, they are likely to be boozy Platos, Aristotles with bottles. The new school of "inverted pathos" then leads us on to ". . . the genial rapist, the jolly slasher, the fun-loving dope pusher." This ". . . simple identification with the degraded . . . is miscalled compassion." But, Mr. Fuller argues cogently, "Compassion is not a suspension of judgment, it is a judgment tempered and chastened according to the facts under some definable theory of the human condition. Compassion is discernment of the gap between the man that is and the potential man that was."

'The Loss of Wonder'

Admirable as Mr. Fuller's values are, I do not see that we are going to arrive at them by fiat or exhortation. For technical reasons as well as fear or ignorance, writers are certainly not going back to explicit moralizing. And to ascribe the nihilism of modern fiction primarily to a loss of faith in God is much too sweeping.

The image of man in modern fiction has more complex origins than that: there is the notion that extreme behavior casts light on conventional behavior, that the abnormal illuminates the normal, that Dostoevsky's Raskolnikov shows us the murderer in all of us. There is the perplexing awareness that what is usually considered evil is somehow more dramatic, even more attractive than goodness. Milton sets out to justify the ways of God to man and ends up writing an epic to Satan. There is the technical fact that since Flaubert, surely, the writer has understood his uniqueness to consist in presenting rather than explicitly judging.

And with the virtual elimination of explicit judgment—moralizing, drawing conclusions, editorializing—from any good modern work of narrative art, there came the mistaken attempt to flatten out even the suggestion of implicit judgment. "As for me I see nothing but miracles," wrote Whitman. "As for us we see nothing but facts," yawns the *New Yorker*. Total acceptance is uninteresting because it is undiscriminating. In too much of our writing we have the cult of the matter-of-fact and of self-conscious tonelessness. "The loss of wonder, of awe, of the sense of the sublime, is a condition leading to the death of the soul. There is no more withering state than that which takes all things for granted, whether with respect to human beings or the rest of the natural order. The blasé attitude means spiritual, emotional, intellectual, and creative death." Fuller might have developed the idea that this attitude is not only morally but artistically self-defeating. The non-judgmental leads to the non-dramat-



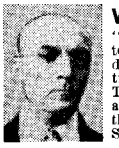
Land of
COOL RESORTS

Delightful summer resorts nestle in the foothills of the Himalayas . . . peaceful and pleasantly cool.

Ask your Travel Agent about an inexpensive vacation on your own houseboat on the lovely lakes of Kashmir. Or write Dept. R

GOVERNMENT OF INDIA TOURIST OFFICE

19 East 49th St. New York 17, N. Y. MUrray Hill 8-2245 | 685 Market St. San Francisco 5, Cal. EXbrook 7-0066



WINS WRITING SUCCESS AT 56

"I enrolled in N.I.A. because I wanted to convince myself whether at 56 an old dog could learn new tricks. At my first try, I sent a manuscript to the New York Times and I was amazed when it was accepted. Another story was also sold to the Times." — Michael I. Passarelli, 25 Spring St., Millburn, N. J.

To People who want to write *but can't get started*

DO YOU have that constant urge to write but fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Here is what a famous editor said:—

"There is more room for newcomers in writing than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene. Who will take their places? Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."

A Chance to Test Yourself—FREE

The Newspaper Institute of America offers a FREE Writing Aptitude Test. Its object is to discover more men and women who can add to their income by fiction and article writing. The Writing Aptitude Test is a simple but expert analysis of your latent ability, your powers of imagination, logic, etc. Those who pass this test are qualified to take the famous N.I.A. course based on the practical New York Copy Desk Method which teaches you to write by writing. You work at home, in leisure time, constantly guided by experienced writers. Soon you acquire the coveted "professional" touch. Then you are ready to market your stories, articles and news items.

Mail the Coupon Now

Taking the FREE Writing Aptitude Test requires but a few minutes and costs nothing. So mail the coupon now. Take the first step towards the most enjoyable and profitable occupation—writing for publication! Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925). (Licensed by State of N. Y.)

(Approved Member, National Home Study Council.)

FREE Newspaper Institute of America
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit as promised in the Reporter, August 7.

Miss / Mrs. / Mr. .....

Address .....

City..... Zone.... State.....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.) 12-M-788

Copyright 1957 Newspaper Institute of America

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

25% DISCOUNT ON ALL BOOKS

(10% on Texts and Technical Books)

ANY BOOKS YOU CHOOSE

1) Deduct 25% from list price.

2) Add 20¢ per book for postage.

3) Send check or money order.

THRIFTY BOOK CLUB 206 West 15th Street Dept. R, N.Y.C. 11, N.Y.

NO MEMBERSHIP FEE

AROUND THE WORLD

Nov. 29 to Feb. 1

Leaders

Dr. Hubert Herring

Dr. Merrill F. Goodall

Sightseeing, of course, but many round-table talks with leaders in Japan, India, Thailand, Nepal, Spain, etc.

Write

HUBERT HERRING

765 Indian Hill Blvd., Claremont, Calif.

Avant-garde MUSIC Lovers!

First Edition Records are for you who believe that *good music* has been written since Beethoven, Bach. They are finest hi-fi 12" LP recordings by Columbia technicians, of outstanding contemporary symphonies, commissioned and played by Louisville Orchestra. Single records, $7.95 — subscription, $4.98 each. Write for information and trial record.

LOUISVILLE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

Suite 318, 830 S. Fourth St., Louisville 2, Ky.

ZONE NUMBERS, PLEASE!

The postal zone number is an integral part of an address and helps the Post Office make surer and swifter mail deliveries.

Be sure to include your zone number in all correspondence.

ic, and the non-dramatic becomes uninteresting.

This postwar literature of boredom and violence, the "long shrug" and nastiness, by no means infests only this side of the Atlantic. Probably we splash on the colors with more violence, as we do most things outside of politics with more violence. But surely Gide's gratuitous murder in the Caves of the Vatican is related to Kerouac's Dean Moriarty acting only for kicks. And if Mailer's Deer Park is inhabited by a ruttish breed, so are Alberto Moravia's Borghese Gardens. Kerouac's voyage across the great beat American earth was done a long time ago and with more brilliant putrescence in Céline's *Voyage au Bout de la Nuit.*

It is surely heartening to hear a literary critic insist on the ethical responsibility of authors; writers as "filaments"—creators of light—as well as mere "reflectors" of their time. Human dignity is undoubtedly in need of defenders today. But Mr. Fuller does not strengthen his case by asserting dogmatically that there can be no human dignity without belief in God. Does Bertrand Russell possess less human dignity than the Yahoos of Kerouac who talk much about God?

Perhaps, indeed, it requires more dignity for the human creature to confront the void without the comforting conviction that all has been ordered and ordained in man's interest. A seemingly meaningless universe will call upon reserves of nobility in some, while others will quake and slobber in self-pity.

Matthew Arnold declared that what Victorian England needed was more Hellenism (aesthetic) and less Hebraism (ethic). Mr. Fuller's tract would seem to be among a number of indications that the pendulum is swinging back. But writers are understandably suspicious of any attempt to dragoon them into ethical attitudes they do not feel. What most of them *do* feel is that the center has gone out of things, and cannot be replaced by arguing its necessity. Nor does it help very much to assume that the dignity-affirming values we all want reside exclusively in Mr. Fuller's triune Hellenic-Hebraic-Christian theology. There are affirmations in the making that have nothing to do with theology at all.

Book Notes

MY AUNT'S RHINOCEROS, by Peter Fleming. *Simon and Schuster. $3.50.*

Some years ago, Peter Fleming's aunt shot a rhinoceros. The stuffed head was hung above the mantelpiece in the gun room of his grandfather's house, and in 1938, when the house was given to a hospital, Mr. Fleming fell heir to it. Because of memories of happy hours spent in the gun room, he took the head home and put it in the garage, where, he says, it "catches my eye whenever it gets the chance." Uses for rhinoceros horn have been pointed out to him—aphrodisiacs, handles, combs—but he concludes: "I think I shall hang on to the thing for another decade or so. Call me a sentimental fool if you will, but I have an idea that I'm on a rising market."

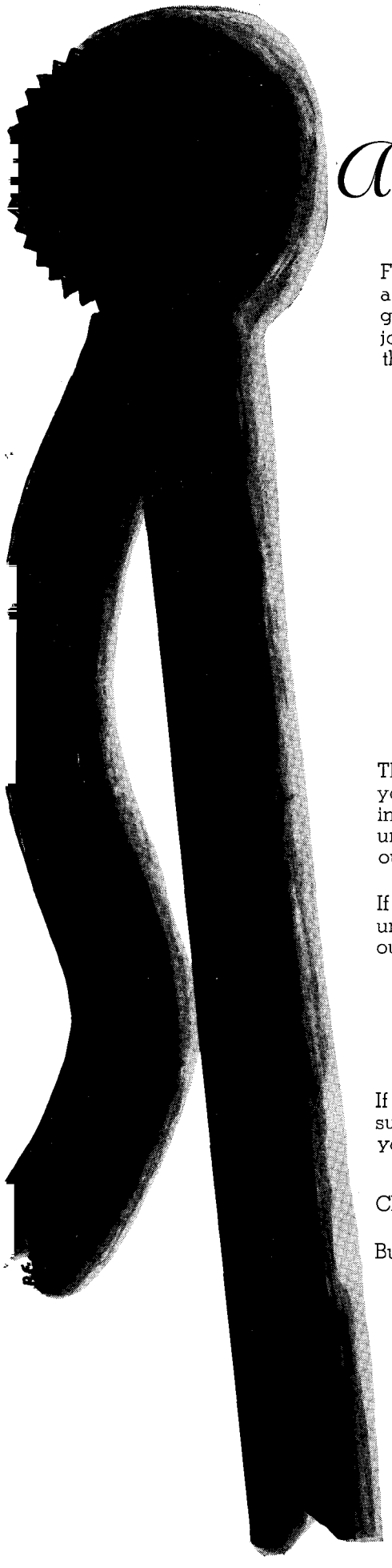
This is one from a collection of pieces that Peter Fleming, author of last year's *Operation Sea Lion,* wrote under the pseudonym "Strix" (screech owl) for the London *Spectator.* His scope is apparently limitless: fox keeping, fox hunting, owl keeping, pipe smoking, Vivien Leigh as Lady Macbeth, the English language, politics, juvenile delinquency. Mr. Fleming offers what, for lack of a better phrase, can only be called an informed opinion on any subject. In a short essay, "On Going to the Moon," he tells why he thinks it would be better for the moonmen if the Russians got there first; their questions would get "simple, consistent, unanimous answers . . ."

At a time when the short essay seems destined for extinction (perhaps there is a corollary to Parkinson's Law here), it is refreshing to read Mr. Fleming's witty and literate pieces, and to note that half of them are less than two pages in length, an economy of words that results from Mr. Fleming's knowing how to write.

RUSSIAN FICTION AND SOVIET IDEOLOGY: INTRODUCTION TO FEDIN, LEONOV, AND SHOLOKHOV, by Ernest J. Simmons. *Columbia University. $4.75.*

Readers who are following our excerpts from Boris Pasternak will be interested in this excellent account of the difficulties encountered by three other contemporary Russian novelists.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Awards For Exceptional Reporting

For a description of the kind of reporting that has earned The Reporter and its writer a total of 14 major journalism awards since 1953, we'd like to quote the judges who gave us the 1957 Sigma Delta Chi Award for "distinguished public service in magazine journalism" for Paul Jacobs' article, "Clouds From Nevada," the first detailed report on the perils of atomic fallout. The national journalism society's citation reads:

> "In a year that was notable for the number of excellent magazine articles fulfilling important public service functions, Paul Jacobs' report on the AEC's weapons-testing program was outstanding.
>
> "Official secrecy hampered his investigation; the climate of public opinion insured that the question raised by his disclosures would be unpopular. Yet he dug out a comprehensive set of facts—and presented them compellingly—so that Americans were alerted to a real danger and provoked to a discussion of policies that have deep significance for people everywhere."

The Reporter's enterprise in pursuing, publishing and interpreting important facts that you cannot get elsewhere was also cited by the judges who gave us our first such award in 1953, when we received the only George Polk Memorial Award given a magazine until that time. They said then of The Reporter that "in the quest of the truth it strikes out in a manner seldom equalled by older and more established competitors."

If you enjoy this relatively rare, venturous kind of reporting, many of your friends undoubtedly will, too—so why not give them gift subscriptions to The Reporter? At our special introductory rate, you can send them

the next 18 issues
for only $3.27

If you haven't subscribed to The Reporter, you may also take advantage of this low new subscriber rate. Your subscription—or your friends'—will begin as soon as we receive *your order, so why not mail the card opposite today?*

Charge your order if you like—we'll be glad to bill you later.

But mail the card now, won't you?

Regular Rates: 1 year $6: 2 years $9.50: 3 years $12
Add $1 per year for foreign postage

THE REPORTER

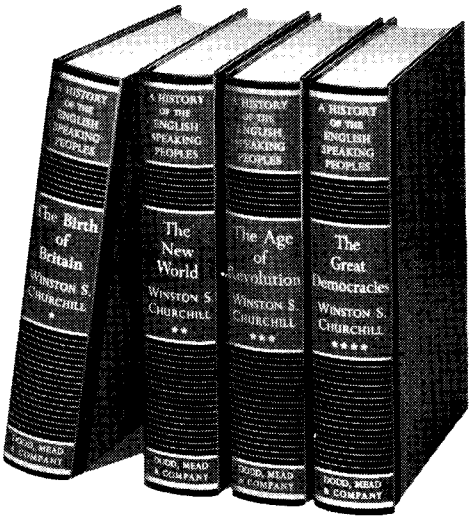
136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A DRAMATIC INTRODUCTORY OFFER FROM THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

"A set that now belongs with Shakespeare in every English-speaking home"

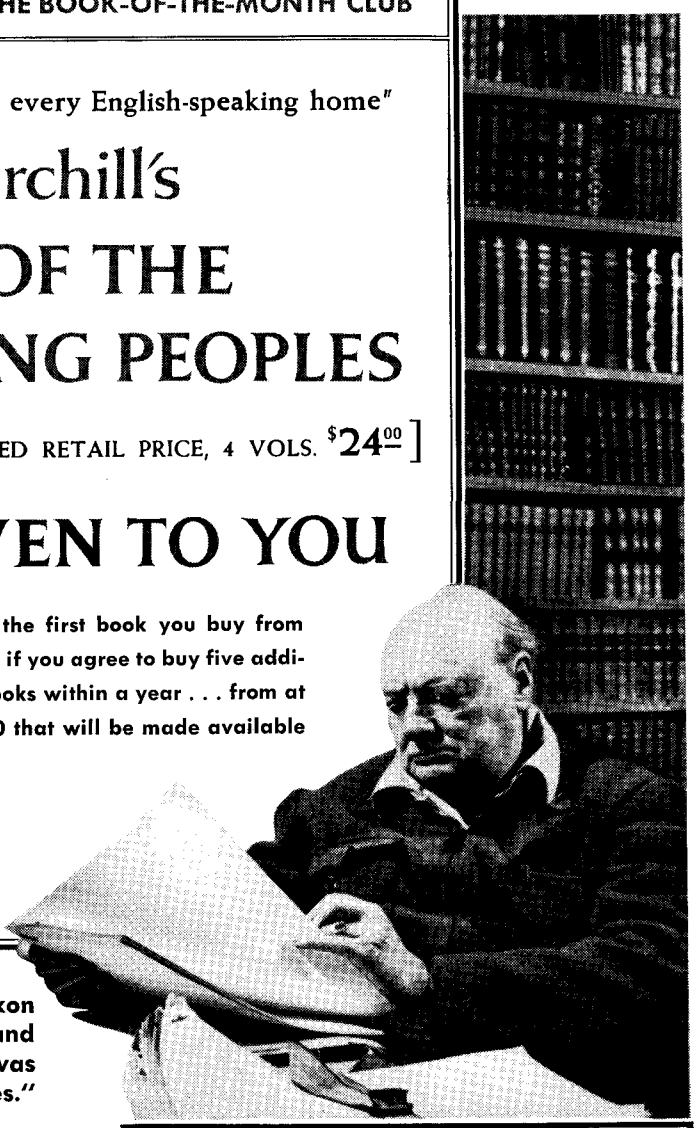
Winston Churchill's A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES



[COMBINED RETAIL PRICE, 4 VOLS. $24.00]

GIVEN TO YOU

. . . with the first book you buy from the Club, if you agree to buy five additional books within a year . . . from at least 200 that will be made available



"Back in the mists of time on that little Anglo-Saxon island there was kindled the flame of freedom and equality for the individual. The idea grew and was spread over the earth by the English-speaking peoples."

SIR WINSTON'S final epochal work is a brilliant tapestry of the whole tumultuous record of Anglo-American history from "the misty dawn over a primitive island world" to the opening of the 20th century. Each volume was a Club Selection at the time it was published. The entire set, now selling for $24, is offered free to new members to demonstrate—in a six-book trial membership—four clear advantages of belonging to the Club.

First, as a member you can buy only books you would buy anyway . . . see examples in the coupon.

Second, you pay on the average 20% less for them than you would otherwise.

Third, you share in the Club's unique Book-Dividend plan, under which members receive over $1,000,000 worth of valuable library volumes (retail value), free, every month.

Fourth—and perhaps most important—the system keeps you from missing, because of overbusyness or procrastination, the new books you want to read.

✶ **The complete four-volume set** will be sent with the first book you purchase (see coupon). The five additional books you agree to buy can be chosen from at least 200 Selections and Alternates to be made available during the coming twelve months.

✶ **Each month** you receive a full and careful report about the next Book-of-the-Month. If you judge it is a book you would not enjoy, you may send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book. Or you may simply say, "Send me nothing next month."

✶ **You may cancel** this trial membership any time after buying six books from the Club.

✶ **If you continue,** you will receive a valuable Book-Dividend—averaging around $7 in retail value—with every second Club choice you buy. The Churchill set really represents Book-Dividends sent to you in advance for the six books you agree to buy.

BEGIN MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THESE

- ☐ **THE KING MUST DIE** by Mary Renault *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **THE ENEMY CAMP** by Jerome Weidman *Price (to members only) $4.25*
- ☐ **INSIDE RUSSIA TODAY** by John Gunther *Price (to members only) $4.50*
- ☐ **MASTERS OF DECEIT** by J. Edgar Hoover *Price (to members only) $4.50*
- ☐ **THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION** by Alan Moorehead *Price (to members only) $4.25*
- ☐ **THE WINTHROP WOMAN** by Anya Seton *Price (to members only) $4.30*
- ☐ **BY LOVE POSSESSED** by James Gould Cozzens *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **ANATOMY OF A MURDER** by Robert Traver *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **THE NEW CLASS** by Milovan Djilas *$3.95*
- ☐ **PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES** by Jean Kerr *$3.50*
- ☐ **A STUDY OF HISTORY** The two-volume abridgement of the Toynbee work *Price (to members only) 2 vols. $5.95*

DOUBLE CHOICE

- ☐ **THE MOUNTAIN ROAD** by Theodore H. White *and* **SEIDMAN AND SON** by Elick Moll *Combined price (to members only) $4.95*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A1058
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club* and send, free, Winston Churchill's A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES with the purchase of my first selection, indicated above. I agree to purchase at least five additional monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. Thereafter I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six Club choices. After my sixth purchase, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend* with every second Selection—or Alternate—I buy. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

PLEASE NOTE: A "double choice"—or a set of books offered to members at a special combined price—is counted as *a single book* in reckoning Book-Dividend credit, and in fulfilling the membership obligation.

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....
(Please print plainly)

Address .....

City ..... *Zone* ..... *State* .....

Books for Canadian members are priced slightly higher, are shipped from Toronto *duty free*, and may be paid for in either U.S. or Canadian currency.

*Trademark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and in Canada

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED